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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Bombs Fall on Spain

Franco continues bombing Loyalist civilians. It has been reported (but not confirmed) that spokesmen for the Spanish government suggested that in reprisal they might bomb German and Italian cities. Mussolini, filled with horror at the thought that Spanish airplanes might do to Italians what Italian and German airplanes have been doing to Spaniards, threatened by way of counter-reprisal to send his grand fleet to bombard Loyalist cities on the Mediterranean coast. He wants a monopoly on wholesale murder from the sky, and it is probably better that he should have it. Meanwhile, Prime Minister Chamberlain is facing a steady increase in opposition at home because of his tacit alliance with Franco. Rebel airplanes have now bombed about sixty British vessels, many of which have been sunk. Thirty-two persons have been killed, and many more wounded. Chamberlain, who could certainly halt these bombings if he would take a sufficiently firm line with Franco, has instead been content to observe that those who trade with a belligerent do so at their own risk. If the situation continues to develop, his government may be endangered. It is patently clear that Hitler and Mussolini think he is afraid of them, and dare to commit acts against British shipping which a few years ago would have brought about instant war.

The Campaign Against Neutrality

When Congress adjourned we were told that the State Department and its friends on Capitol Hill intended to spend the summer finding out what the American people thought about our foreign policy. It did not take long to discover that this was a misstatement. The administration is spending the summer whipping up public sentiment in favor of a policy which it approves but to which a majority in Congress and about 75 percent of the American people (to judge by the Gallup poll) strongly object. The President and the State Department want to tear up the neutrality law and replace it by a measure giving the President power to act against "an aggressor" and in favor of "his victim." For years, Mr. Roosevelt has been urging this course; he hopes that indignation over the bombing of Barcelona and Canton can now be utilized to let him get his way.

We shall not repeat again all the reasons for believing the President's policy to be unwise and undesirable, so often set forth in our pages. We would only point out that while the President expresses noble sentiments against aggression, we continue to sell every kind of war material to Japan (except that lately we have discouraged the sale of airplanes). It is fairly probable that the bombs dropped on Canton contained American metal, and that the airplanes were driven by American gasoline. Meanwhile, the President refuses to lift the embargo against the Spanish Loyalists, fighting for their lives against the aggression of Germany, Italy, Portugal and even Great Britain. Up to now, our "sanctions" have been applied only against the victim, while the aggressors have been helped. Does this record justify turning over the complete control of the

CONTENTS

The Week 233

Editorials
- Is This Recovery? 236
- The President Reports 237
- Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Harding 238

General Articles
- The Social Revolution in Austria . . . . . Peter F. Drucker 239
- Harlan on Trial . . . Joseph C. Harsch 242
- Karl Marx: Prometheus and Lucifer . . . . . Edmund Wilson 244
- Poem . . . . . Frederic Prokosch 247
- Shoot the Works . . . Heywood Broun 248
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 249
- Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 250
- The Federal Theatre's Shaw . Otis Ferguson 251
- The Bandwagon 251

Correspondence 252

Books in Review
- International Bucket Shop . John Chamberlain 255
- The Unvanquished . . Gerald W. Johnson 256
- The Mercantile State . . Louis M. Hacker 257
- Caldwell's Stories . . . Otis Ferguson 258
- The Vast and the Particular . Hildegarde Flanner 258
- Painters in the Fields . James Johnson Sweeney 259
- New Books: A Reader's List 259

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question of war or peace to the occupant of the White House?

In Troubled Waters

Unnoticed by the press—save for a tiny line in that sometimes interesting column entitled "Movements of Naval Vessels"—has been the visit of three destroyers of our Asiatic Fleet to the ports of French Indo-China last week, while tension increased between France and Japan over Japanese air raids on Hainan Island and munitions deliveries to China via French railways. These destroyers—the "Parrott," "Stewart" and "Pope"—after visiting Saigon and Tourane, sailed for Haiphong on June 25; Haiphong is the port of entry for the railways in question and is on the Gulf of Tonkin, where French cruisers are reported standing by in case of further Japanese attacks on Hainan. Meanwhile the British government announces its support of France in case of any Japanese threat to the security of Indo-China. As was claimed for the appearance of our cruisers off Singapore at a time of Anglo-Japanese tension, this visit may have no "significance" whatever and have been ordered long in advance of present complications; but the interpretations placed upon it in Japan are not likely to be over-charitable. If the administration proposes to coöperate with other nations in any sort of "quarantine" policy against aggressor states, it is its duty to the people who put it in office to say so now; if not, the least that can be expected is a little more care to avoid fishing in troubled waters.

What Are Policemen For?

A new device for denying civil liberties has been expounded in the hearings of the application of the CIO and the Civil Liberties Union for an injunction against Mayor Hague of Jersey City and his underlings. First, somebody threatens to riot or to injure speakers if an announced meeting is held. Then the officers of the peace forbid the meeting on the ground that it will lead to violence and the would-be speakers must be protected. Apparently Mayor Hague learned this dodge from Montreal, where Catholic and Fascist students, by threatening a riot, led the police to forbid a legal and advertised meeting. Aside from elementary considerations of law and justice, one trouble with this device is that equitably it ought to work both ways. We wonder what the police commissioner of Jersey City would do if we threatened to riot and throw rotten eggs at Mayor Hague the next time he addresses an audience of citizens. A logical development would be to keep elected candidates out of office by a threat of assassination. It is a curious state of affairs indeed when those responsible for law observance take no action against persons who threaten to disobey the law, while preventing peaceable citizens from exercising their constitutional rights, for fear the lawbreakers will disturb the peace. We wonder what a federal court will say about this sort of thing. It should be condemned in authoritative and unmistakable terms, before the practice spreads.

Now, About the Circus

Labor trouble has shut down the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. The management has decided, because the employees refused to take a 25-percent salary cut, to pack up the tents and take the show back to winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida, twenty weeks ahead of schedule. It takes little imagination to foresee what yeoman's service this episode will be forced to do in the cause of anti-unionism. America loves the circus and the union (if you believe the Ringling publicity releases that have been published as news stories) has killed it! When your next-door neighbor begins to grumble about the "Reds" and what they're doing to us, remember the following facts. The American Federation of Actors, the union involved, is a conservative affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. Recently it agreed to a 12-percent wage cut for the Cole Brothers Circus because business was bad and a reduction in expense justifiable. The union refused to accept the proposed cuts for the Ringling employees because it believes that circus has been doing good business, has raised some of its top salaries and has cut down on its debts. Unions sometimes make mistakes, maybe this one has. The Scranton strike was not a sudden, irresponsible flare-up, but a crisis in a trouble that has been brewing since the very beginning of the season. Employees of the Al Barnes Circus, also owned by the John Ringling North family, are on strike in the Far West because of similar difficulties with the management. Although directly opposing reports have been printed, the union says it has asked to see the management's books and has not been allowed to do so. It has been suggested that the circus may be returning to Sarasota simply to assemble a non-union crew—one which would be helpless against any demands the management might make.

A Good Man, and We Need Him

Among all this year's primary campaigns, none is more worth watching than that of Representative Maury Maverick, seeking reëlection in Texas. If any member of Congress has worked harder, more intelligently or more consistently for the best interest of the people of the United States than he has, we should like the name and address of this masked marvel. Naturally, in fighting for the plain people, Maury has made a lot of powerful enemies, and they are working with all their might against him. One of their advantages is that they have plenty of money, while he has little. The New Republic will be glad to receive, acknowledge and forward contributions to help the campaign of this indispensable member of the progressive bloc in the House.

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Education Versus the Legion

Professor William Gellermann's monograph on "The American Legion as an Educator" was nicely timed to appear on the opening day of the National Education Association's annual convention, held in New York City. The 280-page study, one in the series on "Contributions to Education" published by Teachers' College, Columbia University, gives scholarly support to a view of the American Legion that has been widely held. The report accuses the Legion of opposing democracy, civil liberties and equality of opportunity; of being a spokesman for the "entrenched business and military interests" which work to keep things as they are. The membership of the Legion, as the study explains, has no determining voice in forming these policies. The attitude of the organization is made by the clique which is in control, a privileged few whose personal interests are entirely different from those of the average ex-serviceman. Professor Gellermann recommends the formation of strong teachers' organizations, allied with labor and working groups, to offset the effect of the American Legion and its allies. It is sound advice. From the nature of some of the early convention speeches, we may assume that many educators are ripe to accept it. The NEA heard a stern denunciation of Mayor Hague, condemnations of the poverty and slums we allow, and defenses of federal aid to the schools.

The Shoe Fits

Spokesmen for the Catholic Church have raised some interesting points in their violent attacks on Walter Wanger's motion picture "Blockade," and their efforts to have it kept off the screen. As Otis Ferguson pointed out in his review of the picture (The New Republic, June 29), Mr. Wanger scrupulously refrains from identifying his characters with one side or the other in the Spanish war. The only possible clue is that the people whose story he sympathetically tells are confronted by an enemy who dispossesses, bombs and tries to starve a peaceful civilian population. In spite of this, The Catholic News and the New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus have rushed in to say, in effect: "You are attacking our friends. We recognize them by your description of what they do."

The Brooklyn Tablet Lies

The Brooklyn Tablet, a Catholic publication, writes in the issue of June 11: "The New Republic, like The Nation, has likewise started after the Church in general and the leaders of the Church, its Bishops in particular. The general movement—following the recent order from the Third International to further atheistic communism—in order to cut the Catholic people off from their Bishops is to make the charge of fascism against those in Catholic authority. Of course this is but a clever maneuver." The New Republic has no relationship with the Third International and does not follow its orders. Catholic authorities have avowedly supported fascism by their advocacy of the cause of Franco, the Fascist dictator of Nationalist Spain, by their alliance with Mayor Hague, the nearest thing we have to a Fascist dictator in America, and by other similar activities. Wherever and whenever the Church opposes fascism we gladly record the fact. We know that many good Catholics do not approve of the more reactionary tendencies among the clergy.

Excuse It, Please

One of the minor acts of the Congress that has recently adjourned—but one of the best—was the passage of the bill permitting innocent men who have been erroneously convicted of a crime or offense against the United States to sue the government for damages. That there have been many such cases was shown in his work, "Convicting the Innocent," by Professor Edwin M. Borchard of the Yale Law School. When the government finds out that someone it has convicted and sent to prison is after all not guilty, it should do something more to make amends than merely to let him out and say, "Excuse it, please."

By Grapevine from Connecticut

The fascinating stream of gossip about rival publications which bubbles through every magazine office brings tidings from The Connecticut Nutmeg. As every reader knows, that is the rural weekly published in New Caanan by a staff that includes George Bye, Heywood Broun, Gene Tunney, Ursula Parrott, Quentin Reynolds and Jack Pegler. At least a clear majority of The Nutmeg's board were already working hard enough when the project began, so everyone has assumed that fun, rather than shekels, was the main motive for the new magazine. But the overwhelming welcome The Connecticut Nutmeg has received, according to the gossips, threatens to turn it into a Frankenstein's monster. Already the mail is too heavy to answer. In one month the subscription list has increased 500 percent, and if it grows much larger The Nutmeg will need a faster press. The advertising rates have gone up, to meet the increase in circulation, and with space expensive the advertisers have suddenly grown interested. If it costs so much, they figure, it must be good. But more ads mean more work for the compositors, and the compositors already are overworked. Pity the poor Nutmeg. It's too successful for a lark.

Labor in the Leisure Class Alas

A new wrinkle on the society front in New York City is a sort of pre-natal attack on unionization called Miss Brinkley's Registry, which looks forward to the time when legislation will "eliminate privately owned

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. . . employment agencies . . . with the following results: Unionization of all types of labor in the home. Dictation as to hours of service," etc. The Registry is busy circularizing the howling swells to point out that as a membership corporation it will be able to beat the gun on any such legislation, and go merrily about supplying cooks, butlers, chambermaids in scab lots. Just send in $10 for a share of Miss Brinkley's stock, which may even pay dividends, and no possibly illegal fee will change hands. The Registry already claims 100 members and looks brightly forward to 1,500 at the outside by the time of the revolution. The only thing left to think up for the greater ease and protection of the rich, apparently, is a non-taxable corporation for the stealing of pennies off dead men's eyes.

News Notes of a Week

In the Far East, the chief developments during the week ending June 28 were political rather than military. Great Britain and France joined in warning Japan that they would not permit her to occupy the Island of Hainan, which threatens the sea route to French Indo-China. Germany, after having ordered home the army advisers who have been helping the Chinese government, has virtually broken relations with China by withdrawing her Ambassador. The Japanese army, stopped by flood waters from the broken dikes on the Yellow River, was almost at a standstill. . . . Germany in two breath-taking decrees conscripted her entire population for possible service to the state, and announced that all wages and salaries will henceforth be subject to control. An important purpose, it was said, was to muster technicians into war work and to ensure sufficient man power in the fields to gather the harvests. . . . In the USSR President Kalinin made a speech emphasizing that capitalism throughout the world is communism's enemy, which in some quarters was interpreted as possibly bringing in question the present policy of "the united front."

At home, the National Labor Relations Board handed down an important decision certifying the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association, headed by Harry Bridges, as bargaining agent for 12,000 longshoremen in thirty-one Pacific Coast ports. . . . Mayor Hague of Jersey City surprised everyone by offering no defense in the CIO-ACLU injunction suit; corridor gossip said he feared revelations as to pay given to those who had been "demonstrating" in his behalf. . . . In Cleveland, Ohio, which is rapidly earning the reputation of bungling its relief situation worse than any other American city, the spectre of starvation continued to confront many thousands of innocent victims. . . . With the spy scare still on the front page, the federal government took the unusual course of applying for an injunction to prevent The New York Post from printing revelations by a recently resigned member of the FBI.

Is This Recovery?

A WEEK of consistent and rapid rises on the stock market, combined with other scraps of hopeful news, has set people to asking whether the economic tide has turned. In this connection it is interesting to remember that in our special depression issue of February 2, 1938, all but one of the leading economists questioned expressed the opinion that the upturn would come during this year, and a majority expected it to occur during the second six months.

The reasons expressed by those who contributed to this issue still seem to hold good. The current depression apparently had arisen from far less serious maladjustment than that which began in 1929. It was not international in scope, but principally domestic. It was not preceded by a long, inflationary boom. The principal difficulties seemed to be: first, the piling up of inventories a year ago consequent upon the rapid rise of prices at that time; second, the cessation of deficit-spending by the government; third, the lag of revival in the building industry; fourth, the high prices of steel and other building materials. Behind all this loomed the failure of any large amount of new capital investment—a factor, however, that had also been present during the immediately preceding revival. When the first four factors were sufficiently corrected we should probably start upward again. Whether the revival would be maintained would depend on correction of the fifth.

There are signs of hope in all these directions. Opinion is general that many of the excessive inventories are approaching exhaustion—and a sign of this is the slight but steady rise in prices that has occurred in markets for many raw materials and for scrap steel. The government has resumed spending of borrowed funds—not on a very large scale, to be sure, but still enough to have a wholesome effect. The new FHA mortgage terms have stimulated for several months a steadily growing amount of private-housing construction, which is augmented by the new public-housing program. The price of steel has at last been substantially reduced, without as yet any reduction of wages, and this precedent may be followed by other monopolistic industries producing durable goods.

Still further good omens have been discerned. The large crops produced by American farmers on account of a combination of good weather and the lapse of crop restriction before the passage of the new agricultural act had a depressing effect on crop prices. But this year Europe has been suffering a drought, and agricultural prices are rising again, so that the farmers' income may be larger than was expected. There are signs of improvement, too, in automobile production, and the manufacturers are looking forward to a better year.

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It is too early yet to be sure that the beginning of revival has really arrived, or that it will be strongly marked if it does come. It may prove to be weak and short-lived. Yet there is no mistaking the change in tone of business and financial opinion. One thing is certain. If other conditions are favorable, there is a foundation for a real boom. Never has the United States enjoyed a more ample basis of credit expansion in bank reserves. And during the lean years there has developed a tremendous shortage of building, which may at any time be made manifest in higher rents and an effective demand which will activate the construction industry. If, finally, capital investment becomes aggressive again, we can have many months of sharply rising production.

At the moment there is reason to be hopeful, if not supremely "confident." The business cycle rolls on as usual, and there are many signs that a turning point in its progress has arrived. President Roosevelt and the New Deal have done nothing to our economy that is fundamental enough to alter its characteristic cyclical behavior. Those who blame him for the depression, like those who blamed Hoover for the previous one, are barking up the wrong tree. Mr. Roosevelt has a better record than Mr. Hoover in relieving the victims, and in adopting measures that might stimulate recovery. Both are equally blameworthy, if you like, in not taking action drastic enough to abolish depressions altogether. But in that case the severest business critics of the President are even more guilty than he. For they want, not more change in our institutions, but less. One would think from what they have been saying that before the present period of reforms we never had depressions—and now could never have revivals. That shows how little economic science is understood, even by some who profess to be economists.

The President Reports

MR. ROOSEVELT'S recent "fireside talk" was in essence a report of progress covering numerous subjects. It was far less a fighting speech, far more one of justification of what he has done, than many of his others. But, as usual, it put many of his bitterest opponents very much in the wrong—how much in the wrong we may infer from the fact that they are now protesting they never meant what the President said they did and are really far closer to his position than people imagine.

The high spot in the speech was probably the announcement of his policy toward the Democratic primaries. There has been a good deal of effort to arouse hostility toward the administration for expressing its preferences among candidates, on the ground that it was vindictive, or was trying to suppress political independence or to dragoon local opinion. Mr. Roosevelt very properly replies by pointing out that he is acting to support a set of principles. The Democratic Party adopted a progressive platform at its last convention. If party responsibility is to mean anything, the party should not offer candidates who do not believe in this program. Mr. Roosevelt, as leader of the party, has both a right and a duty to tell the voters whether, in his opinion, specific candidates are loyal to the program or not. To object to this procedure is to show deep misunderstanding of political responsibility. If Democrats believe in the party program, they ought to be glad to know what the President thinks about the attitude toward it of a candidate for Democratic nomination. If they don't believe in the program, it is their privilege to vote for a candidate who opposes it. But it is unethical, to say the least, for a candidate who has been undermining the program from the inside to seek the voters' approval on a mistaken assumption that he has the support of the leader of the party.

Mr. Roosevelt also pointed out a fact that is familiar to New Republic readers but will probably be a surprise to many who receive their information only from reactionary newspapers and magazines—that the battle for court reform has really been won. Not only has the Supreme Court changed its attitude, but many of the specific minor improvements suggested in the President's message on the subject have now been effected.

One point is implicit in several parts of the speech but is not made separately—and this is what rankles most with the President's enemies. They have taken full advantage of the new depression in order to kill reforms. Everything he proposed or defended was treated as an attack on business, and it was reiterated to the point of exhaustion that unless he stopped attacking business it would not and could not revive. This was the old trick of the conservatives to preserve power, to avoid taxation and regulation. They are always pleading, and have done so during the memory of living man, that if anything new is done by government, it will either bring on a depression or prolong one. Mr. Roosevelt ridiculed this attitude—he did so specifically in the case of the thousand-dollar-a-week man who thinks a minimum wage of ten dollars a week will ruin the country. And he did so by implication in sticking to his reform guns, while pointing out at the same time that revival is actually in prospect and can be turned into prosperity if business spokesmen will only forget their grouch.

The approval expressed by the President of the price reduction in steel, unaccompanied by wage reduction, was sound. Though President Stettinius of United States Steel announced the next day that no promise to maintain wages had been made, it is to be hoped that they will not be reduced. At the time of the last wage increase, steel prices were boosted three times as much as the increase in labor costs would have war-

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ranted. The new prices will yield steel a handsome profit at present wage levels, if volume of sales is sufficiently increased. Price reduction and larger output is the way to prosperity. Wage reduction following price reduction can start a vicious circle of deflation.

The other outstanding passage of the speech was the implied though generally recognized rebuke to Mayor Hague for his violation of civil liberties in Jersey City. So far, so good. We hope, however, that Mr. Roosevelt will remember that, as responsible leader of the Democratic Party, he has just as plain a duty in relation to Mayor Hague as he has in relation to candidates for reëlection to Congress. He cannot interfere in the administration of Jersey City. But he can interfere in the Democratic National Committee, of which Hague is still vice-chairman. Let's have a little action, Mr. Roosevelt, not merely about Democrats who are not fully loyal to the New Deal, but about a Democrat who exemplifies the extreme of cynical corruption and anti-liberalism.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Harding

FROM ENGLAND comes news which both requires correction of a statement in The New Republic and is interesting for its own sake. In Robert Cantwell's article, "The Autobiographers" (The New Republic, April 27), he refers to Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, author of the autobiography, "There's Always Tomorrow." Mr. Cantwell says that when she "landed in Berlin after the War, working for the American Secret Service, she lived with an English lady . . . who was now a British secret agent." She went to Russia "where she met her English friend when they were both locked up by the Soviet secret police."

We are informed that the English lady referred to by Mrs. Harrison is Mrs. Stan Harding. Mrs. Harding denies, however, that she was ever a secret agent for the British or any other government. She was arrested in Moscow, she says, on information lodged against her by Mrs. Harrison, was confined in prison for five months, sentenced to be executed and narrowly missed being put to death. In 1923, the British government obtained from the USSR an indemnity of £3,000 for Mrs. Harding.

In Mrs. Harrison's book she does not say that Mrs. Harding was an agent of the British government at the time they shared living quarters in Berlin. She says Mrs. Harding told her that she had served the British government previously, during the Great War, and raises the question whether this relationship had not continued. Mrs. Harrison vigorously denies that she was responsible for Mrs. Harding's arrest in Moscow. She states that when she learned Mrs. Harding was coming to Moscow she tried to reach her with a warning that the Russian police (who had already arrested Mrs. Harrison and threatened her with execution) had full knowledge of the fact that the two women had lived and worked together in Berlin.

Mrs. Harrison's book has been published in England, by Victor Gollancz, Ltd. Mrs. Harding brought suit against the publishers for libel, and the case was settled in a bilateral agreement in which Mrs. Harrison had no part. The publishers paid Mrs. Harding £1,000, withdrew the book from publication and printed in the English press an apology which was also read in court by their counsel. This apology says:

> Our attention has been drawn to the fact that in a book by Marguerite Harrison published by us, in which the author relates her experiences as a Secret Service agent in Germany and Russia, she has repeated the false political charges which led to Mrs. Stan Harding's imprisonment when visiting Russia, as the accredited correspondent of the "World" newspaper of New York, and which were subsequently proved to be without any foundation whatever.
>
> Our attention was further drawn to the fact that in 1923, when a demand for reparation for this false imprisonment was put forward by the British government, an indemnity was paid by the Russian government, which named as Mrs. Stan Harding's accuser the author of this book, Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, who, as she states in her book, was at that time acting as a Soviet informer and was supplying the Soviet government with false information in that capacity.
>
> As soon as our attention was drawn to these facts we immediately, as might be expected, withdrew the book from sale, and we wish to express our regret to the Plaintiff for the republication through inadvertence of the wholly baseless allegations which have already been the cause of such very serious injury to her. We have paid to the Plaintiff the sum of £1,000 by way of damages, and we have agreed to use our best endeavors to get back any copies which are still in the hands of the libraries and booksellers.

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The Social Revolution in Austria

THE "LIQUIDATION" of the upper and middle classes which followed the Nazi conquest of Austria has been one of the most thorough, most ruthless and most rapid social revolutions in modern history—fully as important as the human and political aspects which have been so much to the fore. Within forty-eight hours after the German army had reached Vienna, the bourgeoisie had been practically expropriated and deprived of their jobs and livelihood as well as of their social position and liberty. And although the revolution has been confined to one city, Vienna—there is no bourgeois class elsewhere in Austria—its repercussions upon the entire social and political structure of the Danubian countries threaten to be very great. It has greatly increased the attractiveness of the idea of the "totalitarian state" for the workers and peasants of Southeastern Europe; and this might well prove of even greater assistance to Germany in her drive to the east than military and economic pressure.

This social revolution was one of the major objectives of Germany's conquest and not just a by-product of military invasion. The measures by which it was achieved had been most carefully planned in advance—down to the details of the house-to-house looting which official German statements attributed to "Communist provocators." Indeed, they were probably not only the most ruthless but the best planned and best organized part of the all-time record of ruthless efficiency and organization established by the Nazi conquest. Before Hitler himself came to Vienna, a week after his troops, the bourgeois holdings in business, industry and finance had been taken over by the Nazi party-state and its commissars; what goes on now are only "mopping up" operations and the *ex-post-facto* legalization of the changes. In even shorter time—between the Friday on which the German troops crossed the frontier and the following Monday when business started again—the groundwork was laid for the conversion of Austria from a reasonably free and unrestricted profit economy to the most rigid "totalitarian" state in which every business and every individual is but a cog in the machine. The instructions which every Austrian firm with more than fifteen employees received on this Monday morning, instructions which contained the most detailed orders as to prices, wages, raw-material restrictions, number of employees and management, went far beyond the degree of "totalitarianism" achieved in Germany over the last five years, and embodied many measures—such as the nationalization of public-utility and transport companies—which have hitherto been strenuously resisted by German business.

The revolution was possible partly because Austria is being treated as a conquered country. Another important reason is that Austria was handed over to the most radical, openly totalitarian and anti-bourgeois faction of the Nazi Party. It is revelatory that Dr. Schacht, who represents business within the Nazi ranks, was not allowed to enter Vienna for more than a week after the conquest, although he is, of course, a member of the Reich government; he received his visa only after the economic and social changes had been effected. A further motivating force of the revolution—and one of the main causes of its brutality and cruelty—is that for more than a hundred years there has been a deadly feud between the provincial lower-middle class and Vienna, especially the Viennese bourgeosie. Mainly because a Nazi conquest of Austria would mean final victory over Vienna did the countryside join the Nazis these last years; and the destruction of the Viennese upper and upper-middle classes is their reward. Last but by no means least, expropriation of the propertied classes of Vienna promised to be the quickest way to win the Socialist workers for Nazism—both the most important and the most difficult task for the new masters.

That this social revolution could be achieved at all on the basis of the Nazi creed is entirely due to the social implications of the Nazi racial theory. Indeed, what happened in Vienna should make it clear beyond doubt that under Central and Eastern European conditions anti-Semitism serves primarily a social purpose as a deadly instrument of destruction of the upper and upper-middle classes. It is one of the major consequences of the Austrian conquest that this view is no longer confined to a small number of theoreticians, but that the masses in the Danube Basin have come to understand it.

Contrary to all official German statements, only a small part of the former Viennese bourgeoisie is Jewish as this term is understood west of the Rhine. About half of the 180,000 members of the Viennese Jewish religious community are proletarians many of whom came to Vienna either during or after the War and who live largely by themselves in dire poverty. The other 90,000 to 100,000 Viennese who are Jews both by race and religion have gradually lost much, if not most, of their former economic and social position through the post-war combination of "semi-official" anti-Semitism and the decline of the typically Jewish professions such as banker, lawyer, stockbroker and wholesaler. Exclusion and expropriation of this group would hardly have changed Vienna's social structure fundamentally.

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But of course Nazi racial doctrine regards all people who have any Jewish blood—however small the percentage—and all who are married to such people, as "non-Aryan," and treats them as Jews. In Germany proper this doctrine has already proved a social weapon of immense power, as there are at least five times as many non-Jewish non-Aryans as there are Jews. Accordingly, about 25 to 30 percent of the German upper-middle class—and perhaps 40 percent of the German professional class—have been eliminated as non-Aryans, and this has been the opening wedge for the slowly progressing totalitarian expropriation of the entire bourgeoisie. In Vienna, however, the "non-Aryans" constitute not 25 or 30 percent but 75 to 90 percent of the propertied, white-collar and professional classes. To foreigners this situation has often appeared incomprehensible, and indeed it can be understood only against the background of the unique social and economic development of the countries under Hapsburg rule. The result has been that whereas there are only about 500 Jews proper among Vienna's 2,500 lawyers, there are some 1,100 non-Jewish non-Aryans in varying grades of racial mixture. Only a dozen Jews taught at Vienna University; the non-Jewish non-Aryans number close to a hundred. Typical of this state of affairs is the case of a prominent old Viennese patrician family which is personally known to me. Out of fifty-six living members of the family more than forty are either themselves non-Aryan or are married to non-Aryans; but there is not a single member of the Jewish religious community among them. Altogether there are 550,000 to 650,000 people in Vienna—not counting the Jewish proletariat—who belong to the upper and middle classes and are Jewish or non-Aryan. In addition to the 90,000 to 100,000 Jewish members of the upper and middle classes there are perhaps 130,000 to 150,000 people who are of pure Jewish extraction but baptized—many several generations back. Another 350,000 to 450,000 people are of mixed extraction or married to non-Aryans. Since Vienna has less than two million inhabitants, it follows that practically the entire bourgeoisie is "non-Aryan," as no city—however large the oversupply of intellectuals, professional people and merchants—contains more than 40 percent upper and upper-middle-class people.[1]

The organized looting of the homes of the 10,000 to 15,000 wealthiest was only the beginning of the expropriation. Not all of the looting was, by the way, confined to "non-Aryan" homes; some "100-percent Aryans" also suffered. For instance, the very wealthy owner of a chain of groceries whom the plunderers, when he complained and even proved that he had long been secretly a member of the Nazi Party, simply told that he was "too damn wealthy for a gentile." Far more important socially than the looting were the less spectacular and more thorough measures. To force all non-Aryans out of their jobs and out of the professions, to take over the management of all "non-Aryan" businesses and to force them finally to hand over all their property exceeding 5,000 marks—$2,000—against unsalable government bonds which will lapse with the death of the original owner, these are the main measures by which the social revolution is being effected. Of course a few "Aryan" Viennese upper-class people will remain and will even benefit in social position and wealth; there is the one "Aryan" banker—out of a hundred and eight—or the one "Aryan" department store out of twelve, etc. But these, however fat they wax, will remain isolated and powerless profiteers in an economy in which the vast bulk of the property is owned or run by the party-state.

The expropriation of the Viennese bourgeoisie should yield about $360,000,000 to $480,000,000, to which has to be added the gold and foreign-exchange hoard of the Austrian National Bank and of Austrian business, which amounts to $300,000,000 or more—altogether 1,650,000,000 to 1,950,000,000 marks, or $660,000,000 to $780,000,000 at the official rate of exchange. Who will be the main beneficiary of this expropriation? To a very limited extent the Austrian farmer; about 100,000,000 marks—$40,000,000—will be used to buy Austrian surplus crops for consumption in Germany. On the other hand the peasant will lose heavily through the reduction of upper-class purchasing power in Vienna. The Viennese worker stands to benefit far more than the farmer. One of the very first measures of the Nazi government was to command all non-Aryan businesses to increase their working force by at least 10 percent, the new employees to be taken off the unemployment lists. In addition large-scale public works were immediately started—some of them projects that had been long postponed by the former government for lack of money. Of the total Austrian unemployed, 25 percent were given work within four weeks, another 20 percent were absorbed into the army and the military formations and the remainder will probably be employed before the end of the summer. In addition, unemployment benefits have been increased and the German winter-help organization has extended its activities to Vienna with great publicity.

The Nazis have not failed to use these achievements to win the support of the workers, especially as the

[1] A German government spokesman admitted, according to the Neue Züricher Zeitung, on March 27 that 600,000 people would be affected by the application of the Nazi racial laws to Austria, of whom 200,000 were breadwinners and 400,000 women, children and old people. This figure is only slightly lower than my minimum estimate, which is all the more remarkable as the Germans usually suppress all estimates of the number of non-Jewish non-Aryans. Only two years ago, German Protestant and Catholic communities which started to count the non-Aryans in their ranks were officially forbidden to continue, and The London Times was hotly attacked for "atrocity propaganda" when it published the preliminary results of this count, according to which there would be a total of 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 non-Aryans in Germany proper.

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necessity of overcoming the sullen opposition of the solidly Socialist working class has been among the main reasons for the speed and thoroughness of the social revolution. The Viennese worker is therefore told not only that the redistribution of the fortunes of the rich will make everyone wealthy but also—especially in the highly intelligent and well trained "red" districts—that the substance of the Nazi revolution is the same as that of revolutionary Marxism with anti-Semitism just a convenient but external means. These arguments, together with the tangible evidences of new jobs, have undoubtedly been very successful. The older workers who still remember the pre-war struggle for democracy and unions will of course remain unimpressed by all this. The same applies to the small but active Communist and Trotskyite groups, who will just be driven a little farther underground. But the large mass of younger people, who have been unemployed for years and have lost faith in the old Socialist leaders (they regarded Schuschnigg and his clericalism as the main enemy), are a fertile field for Nazi propaganda. Many Viennese workers have therefore become, if not reconciled to the Nazi regime, at least willing to give it a fair chance.

Nevertheless the benefits which the workers receive are only a very small part of the total expropriated capital. Relief contributions to Austria were not more than a quarter of what had been taken away previously from "non-Aryan" homes and businesses; and the maximum cost of the public-works program during the next two or three years will not amount to more than $200,000,000, probably less. The workers receive therefore, directly and indirectly, not more than 25 or 30 percent of the proceeds. By far the greater part of the booty is being used to strengthen the German military machine.

The Austrian foreign-exchange holdings enabled the German "Wehrwirtschaft" to increase its badly depleted stocks of imported raw materials; the large German purchases of copper on the world markets during the last weeks would not have been possible without the Austrian gold, as the German trade balance has recently been very unfavorable. Even more important is the addition of Austrian industry to the potential capacity of German heavy industrial and substitute-material production, especially as the German government obtains the Austrian factories and machines for next to nothing. That in itself should make the military machine richer by $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 which otherwise it would have to invest. It has already been announced that all Austrian factories that do not produce essentials will have to change over to the production of substitutes and heavy goods and will have to finance this reconstruction out of their own reserves. German sources estimate that this will increase Germany's potential production of war material by 7½ to 10 percent.

For the economic relations between "Greater Germany" and the Danubian and Balkan countries this change-over will be of utmost importance. The typical Viennese export to these countries would have ceased in any case—even without the destruction of the classes in whose hands it was—since it was based upon the fabrication and finishing of imported raw materials; the new German masters of Vienna not only frown upon raw material imports but discuss seriously whether the Balkan trade should be taken away from Vienna altogether and concentrated in a government trade monopoly in Munich. In any event the Balkan countries will lose the only market in which they could buy on credit finished industrial goods made out of genuine raw materials.

Still more serious for Danubian Europe are the social consequences. The social revolution in Vienna, its thoroughness and organization, has made the deepest impression upon the lower classes in these countries. For the peasant and often also for the worker in the Danube Basin the urban bourgeoisie is the enemy; and a revolution that destroys them—under whatever pretext or creed—is extremely popular. This is all the more important as the Danubian peasants—the Croat autonomists, the Hungarian and Slovak "small farmers" and the Rumanian Peasants' Party—have hitherto been among the most genuinely democratic and anti-fascist elements in Europe. It is only because of their resistance that fascism has not yet come to power in the Balkans. They know very well what price has to be paid for the "benefits of totalitarianism"; and they also know how doubtful these "benefits" are. But what happened in Vienna has set them wondering whether, after all, it would not be worth while to pay this price. In a severe economic slump, if for instance international commodity prices on which these raw-material-producing areas depend should further decline, the temptation to solve their problems—even at the price of their liberty—by "totalitarian" expropriation of the bourgeoisie might well prove too great for them; and Germany would then have won by ideological means what she now tries to achieve by military threat and economic infiltration.

That this is not an idle threat is shown by the rapid conversion of the Slovak Autonomous Party to fascism. Only three years ago this party, which comprises one-third of the Slovak peasants and had been represented several times in the Czech government, was a genuinely democratic organization based upon farmer-coöperatives. Its set-up closely resembled the Farmer-Labor Party in the American Middle West with which the Slovak leaders had come into close contact during their exile in the War. Within six weeks after Hitler's conquest of Austria, anti-Semitism and the "corporate state" had been added to the party platform; and at their last rally in Bratislava the right wing of the party began to clamor for a "Führer." PETER F. DRUCKER

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Harlan on Trial

IN LONDON, KENTUCKY, the overlords of one of the country's tightest little industrial kingdoms have been confronted with the existence of a United States government and their suzerainty has been challenged.

Harlan is on trial here—seventy-five miles from the mountain barriers which for years have given it comfortable isolation from the rest of the country. In a mass trial, the federal government has undertaken to destroy the supremacy of a group which has established in Harlan probably the most compact social, economic and political enclave in the country.

The immediate objective of the trial is to break Harlan's resistance to the Wagner Act. Since the Act contains no criminal provisions, the government has resorted to an anti-Ku Klux Klan statute of 1870 which makes it a criminal offense to conspire to defraud citizens of constitutional or statutory rights. Harlan's alleged resistance to the Wagner Act has been challenged under a combination of these statutes in the form of an indictment against fifty-six defendants—sixteen coal companies all of whom have belonged to the ruling nucleus of the Harlan oligarchy, the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association, eighteen coal-company operators and twenty-two of their former hired deputy sheriffs.

The background reason for the trial is that ever since 1910, when Harlan's rich coal mines were opened by local enterprise, the community has been ruled by the coal operators. Out of a total population of 65,000 nearly 50,000 are miners and their families who live on company property under company control. Scarcely 10,000 live in incorporated towns. Government has been by the operators and the law has existed in the persons of deputy sheriffs paid by the operators.

Unionism was a challenge to the supremacy of the little ruling class which owned the mines, controlled the politics and headed up the business life of the community. What happened after July 5, 1935, when the United Mine Workers of America tried to take advantage of the Wagner Act and challenged this established control, is the raw material of the trial.

In the presentation of its case the government has shown that two days after that act was passed a union meeting was broken up by deputy sheriffs. From that time until January, 1937, the case offered to the jury was one of individual intimidation of miners who dared to join the union. Then, in January, 1937, the union launched a new organizing drive. The result spread on the trial record is the following sequence of events:

January 11. – Organizers registered at the New Harlan Hotel.

January 20. – Dues of members of the Coal Operators' Association doubled.

January 23. – Organizers gassed out of the New Harlan Hotel.

January 31. – Shots fired at Marshall Musick, prominent organizer, and his wife.

February 4. – Shots fired into the car of William Clontz, another organizer.

February 8. – Two cars of organizers ambushed and one of their occupants, Thomas Ferguson, wounded.

February 8. – Bennett Musick, son of Marshall Musick, killed by bullets apparently intended for his father.

April 24. – Lloyd Clouse, organizer, killed.

Nothing illustrates the impact of the federal government's invasion of this coal domain better than the difference in reactions of the Harlan defendants. Generally speaking, their behavior falls into two classes. One group thinks it sees the handwriting on the wall and is trying hard to make its peace both with the government and with the United Mine Workers of America. The other feels that it is fighting the civil war all over again, that the issue is local freedom from arbitrary dictation from Washington. This second group has nailed "no compromise" to its mast, is prepared to fight through the courts to the last dollar, and if in the last analysis "betrayed" by the Supreme Court, is prepared to pick up the remnants and move to Canada or Bermuda or Jamaica, anywhere to escape this (to it) intolerable prospect of alien interference with its established order of living and doing business.

There is still a good deal of whistling to keep up courage and light laughter in the corridors of the federal building in this small farming community on the part of defendants who find it almost impossible to believe that any serious results could ensue from the government's indictment of them in the mass. They didn't take it too seriously at first and it is beyond the comprehension of most of them that there is anything criminally wrong in what they have done to keep out the alien doctrine of unionism.

But the defendants are worried. The government has built up a detailed and exhaustive case against them. That is in itself a minor cause for worry. The government's case is not news. With a few minor exceptions, every incident that has been spread on the record of the federal district court here has been publicized before. Most of it came out in the La Follette committee and National Labor Relations Board hearings. A good many of the present defendants have been examined before on several of these incidents. What is new, and what is worrying them more than

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anything else, is the fact that these incidents are being taken seriously not only by the big world outside the valley gateway to Harlan's mountains, but also by a federal judge sitting in what they had been accustomed to consider friendly territory.

On top of that the government has caught them off guard with a subpoena for all the correspondence Governor "Happy" Chandler has had in respect to appeals for the pardon of the four miners in jail for the killing of three deputy sheriffs at the "Battle of Evarts" in 1931. This incident, and the judicially decided guilt of the four prisoners, is the foundation of the defense argument, the point from which defense attorneys argue that it was labor itself that started Harlan's troubles, with initial deadly violence that provoked the popular indignation resulting in individual acts of anti-union violence, for which the defendants themselves were not responsible. If it should be shown at any time during the trial not only that the four miners were not guilty, but that they had been "framed" on perjured testimony, it would knock the most important prop out from under the defense case.

The defendants have never taken outside disapproval very seriously before. They have long ago learned from experience that freedom from a union contract gave them a decided competitive advantage in the coal market. From 1923 to 1930, when the tonnage of other soft-coal areas was decreasing steadily because of increased consumption of fuel oil and electricity, Harlan's tonnage kept mounting. By increasing the productivity of labor and cutting wages they enjoyed a continuing competitive advantage. The coal operators themselves felt that no blame attached to them when, to safeguard this advantage, they fired one of their employees for being too active in the union, or when a "foreign" labor organizer (from as far as Tennessee or even Pennsylvania) had some bullet holes shot into his car or perhaps even into his body. They paid deputy sheriffs to keep order in their camps. If those same deputies went night riding and a little violence resulted, they see no reason why they, the operators, should be placed behind prison bars.

"It would be monstrous and unheard of," Forney Johnston, Birmingham corporation attorney who is reputedly getting $50,000 to keep Harlan operators at liberty, complained to Judge Ford, "that Whitfield and Roscoe Petrie should be put in jail for ten years." Why? Because, he argued, there is no proof that any of the operators were directly involved in incidents of violence. That they all paid money into the treasury of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association, some of which admittedly was used to hire a special deputy sheriff who in turn hired fifteen assistants at the time when United Mine Workers organizers last moved into Harlan in force, was to him no reason why any blame should be attached to the operators for incidents which may have resulted.

In regard to the jury, the defense started off with a decided advantage, but an advantage which is apparently decreasing as the trial goes on. The jurymen are farmers from the rolling upland plain counties to the north of Harlan and a few small-town merchants dependent economically on the farmers. They are not linked by economic ties with coal mining in Harlan, but they do speak the same dialect and are much more accustomed to the manners and dress of the defendants and their attorneys than to the speech and manners of the prosecution. Charles I. Dawson, principal examiner for the defense, has made the most of this advantage. His Kentucky dialect has been at its best during the trial, while the Irish Yankee speech of Brien McMahon, chief prosecutor, apparently gave the jury some difficulty at first. The government could do little to overcome this disadvantage other than to observe such simple Southern amenities as addressing Negro witnesses by their first names, an important trick which Northern invaders learned in the Scottsboro case.

But time is apparently tending to dull the edge of the defense's advantage. It would undoubtedly count heavily in a short trial. This one has lasted five weeks already and certainly will last another month. The jury becomes daily more familiar with Mr. McMahon's Yankee voice and is discovering that there is no monopoly on courtliness and gallantry in the South. If the attitude of spectator natives is any criterion of that of the jury, the calmness and comparative gentleness of government attorneys in handling witnesses are beginning to tell in their favor.

There is certainly nothing in the apparent attitude of the 2,000—or 3,000 as civic boosters would have it—residents of London to indicate any particular concern over the fate of the Harlan defendants. There was a curious crowd around the federal building during the process of jury-picking, which involved some natives of this section. But by the second week they had deserted the Harlan trial for the much more domestically intriguing spectacle of a local murder case in the county courthouse two blocks away.

The so-called "better" citizens of London are slightly more interested—they are always interested in anything of a political nature—but they are careful to keep their interest to themselves and only occasionally drop into the courtroom for an hour or so. And even their interest is not very personal. Harlan coal operators are, according to London standards, extremely rich men. Their capital wealth of anywhere from one to two million dollars is out of sight of London capitalists, of whom there may be two or three worth $200,000, but to the majority of whom a figure like $20,000 is more understandable. They have never had intimate social relations with the Harlan élite, which is remarkable for its self-sufficiency. In other words, while Harlan is only eighty-five miles away from London, it is much farther removed socially and

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economically, certainly far enough to prevent any strong feeling of local solidarity against the alien invader.

And after all the trial is a big boon to London. Its three hotels are doing a land-office business, although the eating habits of the invaders have caused considerable confusion in the kitchens. Counting the large number of witnesses kept here week after week, the trial has kept an average of about 200 paying boarders in the town, which means good profits.

The reverse holds true back in Harlan. Its best citizens are all away. Business is at a standstill. Mine operations are lower than they would otherwise be. Money is being drained out of the community to pay heavy legal fees. There are ample reasons for resentment, which is being kept under control as much as possible both by the operators themselves, who appreciate the danger to the case of any outbursts at home, and by a sizable squad of state highway patrolmen who work for Governor "Happy" Chandler, who in turn is thinking deeply about the votes of Harlan miners in the coming primary contest with Senator Barkley.

Harlan is plainly a laboratory for the government. It is testing out there a formula which if successful can be applied ultimately to big game, the Tom Girdlers and Henry Fords whose anti-unionism is of far greater importance to the country as a whole than the anti-unionism in Harlan County. The total population of Harlan is only about 65,000. Its mines never employ more than about 12,000 men when operating at peak of productive capacity. The violence of their anti-unionism, not the extent of its effect, has made them national news. Because they were for so long accustomed to being a law unto themselves, they permitted conditions to exist which made Harlan far more prominent than it really is, and made themselves guinea pigs for an administration in Washington hunting for a method of enforcing the Wagner Act in the criminal courts. If the anti-Ku Klux Klan statute of 1870 can be made to do the job, Harlan will inevitably undergo something of a social, economic and political revolution which will be of major importance in Harlan. But the real game down at the end of the trail is Tom Girdler and Henry Ford.

London, Ky. JOSEPH C. HARSCH

Karl Marx: Prometheus and Lucifer[1]

IN THE AUGUST OF 1835, a young German-Jewish boy, a student at the Friedrich-Wilhelm Gymnasium at Trier on the Moselle, composed a theme for his final examination. It was called "Reflections of a Young Man on Choosing a Profession," and it was radiant with those lofty ideals which are in order on such occasions and which in the present case attracted attention only for the reason that the aspiring young man managed to live up to his aspirations. In choosing a profession, said Karl Marx at seventeen, one must be sure that one will not put oneself in the position of acting merely as a servile tool of others: in one's own sphere one must obtain independence; and one must make sure that one has a field to serve humanity—for though one may otherwise become famous as a scholar or poet, one can never be a really great man. We shall never be able to fulfill ourselves truly unless we are working for the welfare of our fellows: then only shall our burdens not break us, then only shall our satisfactions not be confined to poor egoistic joys. And so we must be on guard against allowing ourselves to fall victims to that most dangerous of all temptations: the fascination of abstract thought.

One reflection—which the examiner has marked "interesting"—comes to limit the flood of aspiration. "But we cannot always follow the profession to which we feel ourselves to have been called; our relationships in society have already to some extent been formed before we are in a position to determine them. Already our physical nature threateningly bars the way, and her claims may be mocked by none."

So for the mind of the young Marx the bondage of social relationships already appeared as an impediment to individual self-realization. Was it the conception, now so prevalent since Herder, of the molding of human cultures by physical and geographical conditions? Was it the consciousness of the disabilities which still obstructed the development of the Jews: the terrible special taxes, the special restrictions on movement, the prohibitions against holding public office, against engaging in agriculture or crafts?

Both, no doubt. There had been concentrated in Karl Marx the blood of several lines of Jewish rabbis. There had been rabbis in his mother's family for at least a century back; and the families of both his father's parents had produced unbroken successions of rabbis, some of them distinguished teachers of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries. Karl Marx's paternal grandfather had been a rabbi in Trier; one of his uncles was a rabbi there. Hirschel Marx, Karl's father, was evidently the first man of brains in his family deci-

[1] This is the first of a series of articles by Edmund Wilson dealing with the early days of Marx and Engels. They form the second section of a work under the general title, "To the Finland Station," from which earlier selections, dealing with the development of the idea of socialism at the time of the French Revolution, were published in The New Republic some time ago.—THE EDITORS

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sively to abandon the rabbinate and to make himself a place in the larger world.

The German Jews of the eighteenth century were breaking away from the world of the Ghetto, with its social isolation and its closed system of religious culture. It was an incident of the liquidation of medieval institutions and ideas. Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, through his translation of the Bible into German had brought his people into contact with the culture of the outside German world, and they were already by Karl Marx's generation beginning to play a role of importance in the literature and thought of the day. But Mendelssohn, who had been the original of Lessing's Nathan the Wise, produced a result far beyond what he had intended: instead of guiding the Jews as he had hoped to a revivified and purified Judaism, he opened to them the doors of the Enlightenment. For the young Jews, the traditional body of their culture seemed at once to collapse in dust like a corpse in an unsealed tomb. Mendelssohn's daughters already belonged to a group of sophisticated Jewish women with salons and "philosopher" lovers, who were having themselves baptized Protestants and Catholics. Hirschel Marx was a Kantian free-thinker, who had left Judaism and Jewry behind. Living in Trier, on the border between Germany and France, he had been nourished on Rousseau and Voltaire as well as on the philosophy of the Germans. Under the influence of the French Revolution, some of the restrictions on the Jews had been relaxed, and it had been possible for him to study law and to make himself a successful career. When the Prussians expelled Napoleon and it became illegal again for Jews to hold office, he changed his name to Heinrich, had his whole family baptized Christians and rose to be *Justizrat* and head of the Trier bar.

Next door to the Marxes in Trier lived a family named von Westphalen. Baron von Westphalen, though a Prussian official, was also a product of eighteenth-century civilization: his father had been confidential secretary to the liberal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the friend of Winckelmann and Voltaire, and had been ennobled by him. Ludwig von Westphalen read seven languages, loved Shakespeare and knew Homer by heart. He used to take young Karl Marx for walks among the hills of the Moselle, covered with vineyards, and tell him about the Frenchman, Saint-Simon, who wanted society organized scientifically in the interests of Christian charity and whose writings had made an impression on Herr von Westphalen. The Marxes had their international background of Holland, Poland and Italy and so back through the nations and the ages; Ludwig von Westphalen was half-German, half-Scotch; his mother was of the family of the Dukes of Argyle; he spoke German and English equally well. Both the Westphalens and the Marxes belonged to a small community of Protestant officials—numbering only a scant three hundred among a population of eleven thousand Catholics and most of them transferred to Trier from other provinces—in that old city, once a stronghold of the Romans, then a bishopric of the Middle Ages, which during the lifetimes of the Westphalens and Marxes had been ruled alternately by the Germans and the French. Their children played together in the Westphalens' large garden. Karl's sister and Jenny von Westphalen became one another's favorite friends. Then Karl fell in love with Jenny.

In the summer of Karl's eighteenth year, when he was home on his vacation from college, Jenny von Westphalen promised to marry him. She was four years older than Karl and was considered one of the belles of Trier, was much courted by the sons of officials and landlords and army officers; but she waited for Karl seven years. She was intelligent, had character, talked well; had been trained by a remarkable father. Karl Marx had conceived for her a devotion which lasted through the whole of his life. He wrote her bad romantic poetry from college.

This early student poetry of Marx, which he himself denounced as rhetorical almost as soon as he had written it, is nevertheless not without its power, and it is of interest in presenting the whole repertoire of his characteristic impulses and emotions before they are harnessed to the pistons of his system. The style, already harsh and tight-knotted, which suits his satirical subjects, is usually quite inappropriate to his more numerous romantic ones; but even these have an intensity and force which stamp upon the mind of the reader certain recurrent symbols.

In these poems, we find a woeful old man, all bones, lying at the bottom of the water, but the waves make him dance when the moon is out, for they are cold in heart and mind and feel nothing. There is a man in a yellow house, a little man with a lean horror of a wife; the poet must pull down the shade so that they may not scare off his fancies. There are doctors, damned Philistines, who think the world is a bag of bones, whose psychology is confined to the notion that our dreams are due to noodles and dumplings, whose metaphysics consists of the belief that if it were possible to locate the soul, a pill would quite easily expel it. There are also sentimental souls who weep at the idea of a calf's being slaughtered: yet, after all, are there not asses, like Balaam's, that are human enough to talk?

In one of Karl Marx's ballads, a mariner is roused from his bed by the storm: he will go forth, he will leave behind him the warm and quiet towns; will put to sea, and let his ship's sail swell, keep his course by the changeless stars, contend with the waves and wind, feel the joy of all his forces at full strain, blood resounding in his breast at the danger—he will defy

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and he will conquer the sea, which is picking the bones of his brother. In another ballad, another skipper, assaulted by the songs of the sirens—very different from the sailors of Heine, whose bones have whitened the rocks—declares to their faces that their charms are meretricious, that for them in their cold abysses there burns no eternal God; but that in his breast the gods preside in their might, all the gods, and under their governance no deviation is possible. The sirens, discouraged, sink. In another, a Promethean hero curses a god who has stripped him of his all; but he swears that he will have his revenge, though his strength be but a patchwork of weaknesses: out of his pain and horror he will fashion a fortress, iron and cold, which will strike the beholder livid and against which the thunderbolts will rebound. Prometheus is to be Marx's favorite myth: he is to prefix to his doctor's dissertation the speech of Aeschylus's Prometheus to Zeus, "Know well I would never be willing to exchange my misfortune for that bondage of yours. For better do I deem it to be bound to this rock than to spend my life as Father Zeus's faithful messenger"; and a contemporary cartoon on the suppression of the paper he is later to edit is to show him chained to his press with the Prussian eagle preying on his vitals.

In yet another of Karl Marx's poems, he proclaims that the grandeurs and splendors of the pygmy-giants of earth are doomed to fall to ruins. They do not count beside the soul's aspiration; even vanquished, shall the soul remain defiant, shall still build itself a throne of giant scorn: "Jenny! if we can but weld our souls together, then with contempt shall I fling my glove in the world's face, then shall I stride through the wreckage a creator!"

Old Heinrich, who said that his parents had given him nothing but his existence and his mother's love, hoped that Karl, with more advantages than he had had himself, would take his place at the Trier bar. He recognized that Karl's abilities were exceptional, but he disapproved of what seemed to him his uncanalized energies, his all-embracing intellectual ambitions. Though he, too, talks of Karl's working for the "welfare of humanity," he is exceedingly anxious for his son to establish good connections, gives him letters to influential persons who may be of use to him in making his career. His letters to his son are a mixture of excited admiration and apprehension lest Karl's genius miscarry; and they have the insistence of jealous affection. Old Heinrich reproaches the boy with egoism, with lack of consideration for his parents—Karl rarely seems to have answered his family's letters; he cries out continually over Karl's frequent demands for money: does the young gentleman think his father is made of gold? etc. His mother writes him that he must not neglect to keep his rooms clean, that he must scrub himself every week with sponge and soap, that his Muse must be made to understand that the higher and better things will be promoted through attention to the more humble.

In the meantime, at the University of Bonn, to which he had gone in the fall of 1835, Karl had joined a convivial tavern club, contracted considerable debts, got into trouble with the university authorities for "nocturnal drunkenness and riot," become a member of a Poets' Club suspected of subversive ideas and under the surveillance of the political police, taken part in a row which had arisen between the plebeian tavern clubs and the aristocratic Korps associations, and finally —in the summer of 1836—fought a duel and got a wound over the eye. In a lithograph of the members of his tavern club, made this same year, when Karl Marx was eighteen, he is shown in the background, but with his head held high under its heavy black helmet of hair and thrown back with a look of brooding fierceness from thick and strong black brows and black eyes.—It was decided, with his father's emphatic approval, that he should be transferred to the University of Berlin, which has been described by a contemporary as a "workhouse" in contrast to the "Bacchanalian" character of the other German universities.

At Berlin, where he remained till March 30, 1841, he studied law in compliance with his father's wishes, but neglected it in favor of philosophy, which was at that time in the German universities the great subject of intellectual interest and of which Karl was a born addict and master. Now he shuts himself up to think and study, "repulses friendships," as he says, "neglects nature, art and society, sits up through many nights, fights through many battles, undergoes many agitations both from outward and inward causes," reads gigantically, plans immense labors, writes poetry, philosophy, makes translations.

His father's letters grow continually more troubled. Has Karl more brains and brilliance than heart? Is it a divine or a Faustian daemon which possesses him? Will he ever be capable of domestic happiness, of making those around him happy? Old Marx is impressive in his letters. His son, Karl's daughter tells us, enormously admired his father and was never tired of talking about him; he carried a picture of him about all his life, and Engels put it in his coffin when he was dead. But much as he got from his father that was valuable, it was vital for the son to reject much. Heinrich's correspondence with Karl has a certain dramatic interest. It reaches a climax in a letter of huge length and tragic emotional force, written (December 9, 1837) five months before the old man's death—a last desperate effort to save his son from turning into something which the father dreads. He hopes, he tells Karl, that the denying genius may develop into a solid thinker, that he will realize that art is to be acquired only through intercourse with well bred people; Karl

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must learn to present himself to the world in an agreeable and advantageous light, he must win consideration and affection. Above all, he must be careful of Jenny, who is bringing to him all her devotion and sacrificing her social position: in return, he must provide her with a place in actual human society, not merely in some smoked-up room beside a bad-smelling oil-lamp, shut in with a crazy scholar.

The old man, who was fond of Jenny and who had done what he could to promote the match, already foresaw the future and felt himself helpless against it. For Karl seems already to have shaken from him the barbarian social world of the beer-swilling and saber-brandishing German students and to have returned to the rabbinical world. He had made his social isolation complete—he was never again to encourage any friends save those who fed his intellectual interests; and he had worked himself into a decline. Sent away to the country to recover, he had read through the whole of Hegel and gone on to the works of Hegel's disciples. He was already on his way to becoming the great secular rabbi of his century. Salomon Maimon, in the century before, had tried to reconcile rabbinical philosophy with Kant. Karl Marx, also a teacher in the Jewish tradition but now quite free of the Judaic system and with all the thought of Western Europe at his disposal, was to play an unprecedented role as a leader in the modern world.

We shall revert to this aspect of Marx later on: but it may be said here that Karl Marx was too profoundly and completely a Jew to worry much about the Jewish problem in the terms in which it was discussed during his lifetime. The only opinion he would express on this issue was that the usurious activities of the Jews, which had made them unpopular with their neighbors and which to him were more objectionable still, were simply a special malignant symptom of capitalism, which would disappear with the capitalist system. In his own case, the pride and independence, the conviction of moral superiority, which give his life its heroic dignity, seem to go back to the great days of Israel and to be unconscious of the miseries between.

Yet are they? Two of Marx's poems he rewrote and finally published in 1841. In one of them a wild violinist appears, in a white gown and with a saber at his side. Why does he fiddle so madly? asks the speaker. Why does he cause the blood to leap? Why does he lash his bow to shreds? Why do the waves roar? the spirit demands in answer. That, thundering, they may crash on the cliff—that the soul may crash on the floor of Hell.—But, musician, with mockery thou tearest thy heart! That art which a bright god has lent thee thou shouldst send to swell the music of the spheres. Nay, the apparition replies, with this blood-black saber I pierce the soul. God knows not, nor honors, Art: it rises from the vapors of Hell—it maddens the brain and it alters the heart. 'Tis the Devil who beats me the time and the Dead March the tune I must play.—Lucifer was to hover behind Prometheus through the whole of Karl Marx's life: he was the malevolent obverse side of the rebel benefactor of man. In a satirical poem by Engels and Edgar Bauer, written at about this time, Marx is described as the "black fellow from Trier," a savage and sinewy monster, who creeps not, but leaps, upon his prey, who stretches his arms toward the heavens as if he would tear down their canopy, who clenches his fist and raves as if a thousand devils had him by the hair; and through the years of his later life he was to be familiarly known as "Old Nick." True: the devil as well as the rebel was one of the conventional masks of the romantic; but there is something other than romantic perversity in the peculiar malevolence of Marx.

The second poem is a dialogue between sweethearts. Beloved, says the lover, thy grief stings thee—thou tremblest beneath my breath. Thou hast drunken of the soul: shine, my jewel—shine, shine, O blood of youth!—Darling, replies the maiden, thou lookest so pale, speakest so strangely seldom. See with what celestial music the worlds pass across the heavens!—My dear, says the lover, they pass and they shine—let us, too, flee away, let us merge our souls in one.—Then, whispering, with terrified glance: My dear, thou hast drunken of poison; thou must needs depart with me now. Night has fallen; I can no longer see the light.—With violence he clasps her to his heart, death in his breast and breath. She is pierced with a deeper pain; never more will she open her eyes.

Heinrich Marx had died in the May of 1838; Karl Marx was married to Jenny von Westphalen in the June of 1843, two years after he had graduated at Berlin.

EDMUND WILSON

Poem

Whether in the cathedral's shadow
Or on Toledo's rock
Love with his lyre-horned anger
The unloved heart will strike.
Darkly his southern violence
Will drift through blood and bone
And plant the long hysteria
Where there is room for none.

Never fall deeply in love!
Never be long alone!
The impassioned are the sickened
And understood by none.
O, what unspeakable glory
Awaits all those who have
Through all the fear and fury
Brought, neither brave nor fiery
But merely faithful, love?

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

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Shoot the Works

Houseworkers of the World Unite!

HOUSEWIVES, of course, have every right to organize and to press their opinions on all political problems from the gold-purchase plan to the Wagner Act. But it seems to me that in dogmatizing on labor relations housewives must first roll away the eight ball which stands in their path. The home-makers of America have not yet solved the servant problem. And I think it is fair to say that they they themselves have been pretty articulate in admitting as much. It is my impression that before the coming of contract bridge a very large percentage of female conversation, particularly in the suburbs, was given over to moaning and lamentation about difficulties with the "hired help." To be sure there were those who pointed with pride, but when an entirely satisfactory household worker was mentioned she was invariably referred to as "a jewel," indicating that such a condition was an exception rather than the rule.

The relation between employer and employee within the home is difficult. Aside from more fundamental economic issues, the very terminology makes trouble. Men and women don't like to be called "servants." It is a pity that when we threw the tea into Boston harbor we did not also toss away the household customs of old England. A good many people who feel that Henry Ford is an old-fashioned paternalist in his dealings with automotive workers live in homes where an even greater degree of paternalism is practised. I do not think the one-great-big-family idea works well in either the factory or the home.

Undoubtedly there are servants who like it. Certain benefits and favors may accrue, but they will not be in the form of higher wages or shorter hours. We might as well recognize the fact that what is called "the servant problem" is bigger than the question of tact and kindliness on the part of individuals. It could not be solved even if the male head of the house succeeded in being a hero to his valet. Domestic service is a labor problem just as the making of steel or the reporting of news.

Each craft has peculiar perplexities but until the coming of the Guild, the reporter and the domestic worker had at least one thing distinctly in common. There was no standardization of hours whatsoever. Reporters were afflicted with the romantic tradition of Richard Harding Davis and were not only expected to give their lives for the dear old paper but to stand ready to make the supreme sacrifice on call through twenty-four hours a day.

And domestic service in America is cursed with poisonous precepts founded upon the life of another fictional character. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may have contributed to freeing the slaves, but unwittingly Harriet Beecher Stowe helped to fasten a yoke upon the domestic worker by sentimentalizing the relationship between Uncle Tom and Little Eva's father. Simon Legree was undoubtedly a tougher employer, but far less insidious.

Little acts of kindness will not cure one of our most pressing economic problems. The domestic servant is the most exploited employee in America. The answer, naturally, lies in organization. Some little work has been done along these lines, but this is still one of the most fertile fields for the organization of the unorganized.

In some things I am too conservative and optimistic, not to say naïve, but I honestly think that a solid union of household assistants might be helpful in solving what the housewives call "the servant problem." Indeed the two good ladies of Suffern (I mean the two articulate crusaders) could serve the nation better by leading an educational campaign about this situation than by circularizing the country with their opinions on the NLRB and federal relief. It is the custom at the moment to blame Harry Hopkins or Harold Ickes for the fact that commuters have difficulty in getting or keeping a cook. There seems to be a notion that the shortage in general houseworkers is caused by the Federal Writers' Project. I would like to have a dime for every time I have heard some matron say, "Of course none of us can get a servant. All these people would rather go on relief than take a job." It is the theory of these critics that but for relief thousands of able women would leap at the chance to cook for a family of eight, sweep, dust, make up the beds and remain on call until midnight if company drops in.

The answer is that long before relief there was a servant problem. In bad times and in good times many regarded the usual assignments as too tough. Trade-union organizations should do their best to make progress in this field because in a very actual sense the existence of an exploited group tends to corrupt the entire set-up. Middle-class opinion, and particularly in the case of housewives, is anti-union. The woman who works her servant on the basis of a seventy or eighty-hour week is not only irritated but puzzled when the plumber tells her that he must knock off at five on account of union rules. In all fairness to the housewife, she in many cases puts in a long day herself. She isn't a mean or a callous person but merely follows the custom of the community. Moreover, it is generally psychologically true that all persons who take hard raps themselves are unsympathetic to lightening the burdens of others. In mass-production industries some of the toughest bosses are those who have worked their way up from the ranks.

I have before me a little local Connecticut magazine which shall be nameless. On the first page, for reasons unknown to me, is an article entitled "West of Danbury," by Rose Wilder Lane. Miss Lane is well known as a fiction writer for the popular magazines and as a violent opponent of the New Deal. She has recently emigrated from Missouri and is establishing herself as a householder in Connecticut. Miss Lane believes in low pay for manual workers. Writing of her new community she says, "Wages are twice to three times Missouri wages, which naturally makes wage-earners much poorer." She boasts that "One man who isn't a union man any more works six long days a week for me and half the night on another job."

And yet Rose Wilder Lane has compassion for the laboring classes. "Imagine my surprise," she observes, "when I discovered that the carpenters, painters, even the hired man had brought cold lunches to eat at noon. Naturally, I had a hearty hot meal ready for them. They were as flabbergasted as I was. I said, 'My goodness, I

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wouldn't dream of letting you-all bring your meals, not when you're working on my place. We never treat people that way in Missouri.'"

I doubt whether labor, domestic or otherwise, will be content to take a "you-all" in lieu of a living wage. Indeed I know of workers who would have told Rose Wilder Lane to take the soup, however hot, and put it back into the pot.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

The WPA and the Politicos

THE MOST substantial accusations of WPA political activity have concerned Kentucky where Mr. Roosevelt's Dear-Alben Barkley is engaged in an ear-biting, eye-gouging primary with big, blustering Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler. To these charges, the WPA has a defense at least partially convincing. Kentucky has a peculiar relief system. Most other states have a centralized home-relief authority, which certifies the able-bodied unemployed to the WPA. In Kentucky, no such state body exists. Home relief is in the hands of the county judges. In theory, each judge is supposed to employ a social worker to make certifications to the WPA for him.

According to the WPA officials at Washington, this system has not worked overly well. Last autumn, with the onrush of the depression, it partly broke down. This was particularly true of the coal-mining counties in the eastern half of the state. The social workers were put on part-time, and in some cases dismissed. It was virtually impossible for the unemployed to obtain their necessary certifications to the WPA. Meantime, reports began to be received in Washington that miners and their families were starving.

After famished mobs made a number of attempts to storm relief offices, the WPA took action. It created its own certifying machinery. Destitute workers were placed on the WPA rolls in large numbers. In cases where rural counties refused to advance the usual sponsors' funds for WPA projects, the workers were moved considerable distances to projects financed by Washington.

There seem also to have been direct conflicts between WPA agents and county officials. In several cases, it was apparently found that county politicians had improperly wangled jobs for friends and relatives. Such persons were dismissed and genuinely needy workers taken on in their places. It is difficult to find out in Washington how many disputes of this nature occurred. The WPA says guardedly that bad conditions were discovered "in a few counties."

This is the WPA's story, and—at least in my opinion—it makes the complaints of the Chandler faction seem both baseless and understandable. The WPA began its intervention in Kentucky last December. By sheer coincidence, this was about the time that it became known Mr. Chandler meant to oppose Mr. Barkley in the primary. The WPA's certifications continued steadily through the early spring, or during the exact interval that Barkley and Chandler groups were soliciting the support of local leaders. I can readily believe that the Barkley partisans, although wholly without justification, claimed credit for the WPA's apparently unusual activity, and claimed double credit in the counties where the WPA undertook a reformation of the relief rolls. And it is equally obvious that the Chandler men would try to represent the WPA's activity as persecution.

I am personally convinced that the WPA intervened in Kentucky only to meet a cruel need, and that it acted from non-partisan motives. Nevertheless, to some degree it has invited suspicion, and for this Mr. George Goodman, the WPA's Kentucky administrator, is partly responsible. Somewhat unfortunately, Mr. Goodman is celebrated in Washington as the man who ran a ten-dollar bill into a million in the liquor trade. According to Kentuckians, Mr. Goodman's father was the proprietor of a modern ginmill near the riverfront of Paducah. When young George reached man's stature, his father, in classic fashion, handed him ten dollars and bade him make his fortune. Contrary to what usually happens in real life, the boy proceeded to do so. With his ten dollars, he went to Memphis and a job with a whiskey wholesaler. After an interval of study and reflection, he perceived a career in selling whiskey by mail. He persuaded his employer to lend him $600, and within a few months had branch offices in five Southern states. He sold out for a million shortly before the onset of prohibition.

All this, especially for non-Kentuckians, paints Mr. Goodman in unwarrantedly vivid tones. For twenty years, he has been one of Paducah's chief citizens, a landholder, head of the Red Cross and Community Chest and leader in all good causes. In Washington, he is regarded as one of the ablest WPA administrators. However, Mr. Goodman is also a public, ardent Barkley supporter, and this—again in my judgment—he should not be.

The enemies of Mr. Roosevelt demand that the WPA stay completely apart from politics. Mr. Hopkins, on his side, suggests that the WPA officials cannot be expected to be political eunuchs. Mr. Hopkins has hit on a sound thought here; no one can be expected to choose eunuchry, but it seems to me that his answer is imprudent. Government agencies much older than the WPA play politics. The port collectors under the Treasury, the United States marshals under the Department of Justice—not to mention the postmasters—are notoriously in politics. Even the austere Army Engineer Corps has been known to boost a favorite Congressman.

Officials of the older agencies, however, do their electioneering on the quiet, or else go through a rigmarole of divorcing themselves from their posts. Mr. Farley obtains a formal leave of absence from the Post Office Department before elections. Officials of the older agencies go to immense lengths to prevent their agencies from being mentioned in campaigns. The WPA does not seem to understand this hypocrisy, and scorns it. The WPA officials, especially those in Washington, are self-righteous partisans of Mr. Roosevelt, and do not see how any decent person can be against him. Their purity of heart is admirable, but it makes them an easy target for administration critics. In Kentucky, the WPA is being done great harm.

Ironically enough, observers believe it is the older federal agencies that will save Mr. Barkley's bacon. They say that the WPA, despite its verbal partisanship, has thrown itself so single-mindedly into the job of bringing relief to hungry families that it is unlikely to influence more than

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a handful of votes, at most. Mr. Barkley's greatest strength is reported to lie among the Kentucky tobacco growers, who have obtained approximately everything they have asked for, tied around with baby-blue ribbon, from the AAA. The Kentucky whiskey distillers, who pull great political weight, are understood to feel that it would be unwise to oppose an administration which includes the Federal Alcohol Administration, a branch of the Treasury. In Louisville, the older and stronger of the two city machines backs Mr. Barkley. Together with the faintly reluctant support of organized labor, these factors are expected to bring in Mr. Barkley by a safe majority.

The unification and liberalization of federal banking inspection, which were finally arranged last week, form an important step in the administration's banking program. Mr. Eccles, who was the successful head of a small chain of banks in Utah before becoming head of the Federal Reserve System, deserves chief credit for the change. It is reported to be part of a wide campaign, in which Mr. Eccles, officials of the SEC and Mr. Jesse Jones are leaders, to persuade private business to spend money. Mr. Eccles, particularly, is said to feel that the recovery-spending program is too late and too modest to halt the depression by itself, and that if hard times are not to last, private capital must be stimulated by every device available.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Two Incidents and Some Advice

YOUNG Messrs. Alsop and Kintner, able chroniclers, write in The Saturday Evening Post a chapter of contemporary history about the recent battles on the New York Stock Exchange. They relate two incidents which are enough to make the already puzzled looker-on scratch the fur off his addled head. One of these incidents I knew of. The other, I must say, was news to me. The most I can say is that I hope devoutly they are mistaken about it.

The first, the one I knew about, was that time in late September when the stock market fell through the floor in what might be called the October of the Roosevelt depression and the President rushed his doughty son and secretary to New York to take charge of the situation. Jimmy set up headquarters in the SEC offices and proceeded to direct the whirlwind. There is in Washington a body known as the Securities and Exchange Commission. It is headed by a man named William O. Douglas. The function of the SEC is to police and control Wall Street and its exchanges. As for Douglas, he has brains, vision, integrity and courage and, of course, maturity. In fact he has all these qualities in measures beside which the President's strange son is a mere pint. That William O. Douglas should have been superseded in this critical moment by a young man with some odd bedfellows in Wall Street is an incident which calls for explanation to say the least. The folly of the assignment is evident from the crazy scheme he concocted—namely, to close the Exchange in that crisis, a stratagem which the baffled leaders, from Gay down, were only too eager to adopt. Better judgment prevailed—the judgment of the superseded Douglas.

The other item, which was news to me and caused even my calloused jaws to sag, is this. The President of the United States decided at one time that there ought to be a liaison official between the Exchange and the administration. Of course, you would suppose that this official would be someone who would command the respect of the Exchange and who would also be capable of envisioning the interest of the public. The man selected for this post was one of the Roosevelt family, who, because he is now dead, shall remain nameless, but whose chief claim to fame is that he was once a broker and had been thrown off the Exchange for robbing his customers. The gentleman wisely bowed himself out of the dubious honor of confronting as the angel of public morals the Exchange which had bounced him as unfit to be of the brotherhood. Thus the revolution rocks merrily forward.

Strange news comes out of Washington. A great investigation of monopoly impends. It seems that there is a suspicion that there are monopolies in the United States and an expedition is being fitted out to explore this mystery. It seems also that there is some question in the minds of certain naïve persons like Senators Borah and O'Mahoney that monopoly is not a good thing for the country, and of course it is necessary to have an investigation to see if it really is a good thing. As the investigation impends it is very natural that a number of gentlemen who have at various times been indicted under our simple anti-trust laws should feel nervous. No one can blame them for that. No one who understands how human nature works will fail to realize that the natural thing for them to do is to start pulling strings to keep the investigation from hurting them. So through Mr. Daniel Roper's ever-ready Advisory Council all these big business men and well known monopolists convoke a meeting in Washington to advance the idea that the investigation should not be just a "muck-raking" enterprise. They want it kept sweet and pure. All this is quite natural. But one wonders why the inner gods of the administration, the Thomas Corcorans and Thurman Arnolds and Jerome Franks who are going to play a part in the investigation, have to sit down in Washington with this gang to talk over the coming study.

The government has the power to do the studying. It knows or ought to know what it is after. It does not have to sit down at well highballed smokers to concert with the gentlemen who are going to be investigated the measures by which they are to be probed. Perhaps like Anthony they will ask the gods to pardon them for being "meek and humble with these butchers" and then let slip the dogs of war upon them. But whom are they fooling? Are they fooling the geese who read the newspapers and who think that this administration is really getting ready to do something about monopoly?

Here is some unasked advice to Senator Borah and Senator O'Mahoney. In this investigation the gentlemen to be watched are the representatives of the Department of Justice, the Department of Commerce and of the White House. No one, I know, will credit that. But these gentlemen are getting ready to hamstring the anti-monopoly laws

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under the guise of fighting monopoly. We shall hear a lot of talk about monopoly, economic royalists and the like and we shall end with an effort to legalize monopolies through trade-association agreements, which is really the only kind of monopoly we have to fear now. The big business men we do not have to worry about so much. They have already been given bad names. They are helpless in themselves. They must work under cover. But the administration poses as the foe of monopoly and of the rich. That is disarming. It is in a position, while speaking the old language of the anti-monopolists, to fasten a new and far more dangerous brand of monopoly upon the country. And so, Senators, keep your eye on Tom Corcoran, Thurman Arnold, Homer Cummings, Dan Roper and the President. I omit for the present the name of Jerome Frank. But I suggest to them that there are plenty of liquor and pretzels in Washington and lots of good company beside that of these Wall Street gentlemen who pour libations only when they want something. JOHN T. FLYNN

The Federal Theatre's Shaw

THE FEDERAL THEATRE'S "On the Rocks" has been such a success (according to the F. T.'s publicity) that it is being pulled for the summer and saved for fall. If you want to know how the play breaks down as a play, you can do no better than go back and read Stark Young on Shaw's "Heartbreak House" revisited. There is talk and there is talk. Lest you should mistake the author's purpose there then follows a blackout or two in which there is talk. Shaw seems to see the theatre as a place where you sit on the fence with the intellectual equivalent of a shaft of alfalfa in your mouth—you just sit there and you sort of calculate (or reckon, or allow) out loud.

This time he is talking about a crisis in the British Cabinet, the empire and the working classes and all that. He does it all with one room and two acts and a lot of characters he has created to represent this or that, whether in human quality or intellectual belief. And you know, though the whole thing is rather an unrelieved bore, there is somehow life in it. The types are neat and the lines are witty, and the poor old Prime Minister, you get to feeling sorry for him quite a bit, and good about his final success with himself. I suppose the thing is on the fascist side if you are looking for fascist sides. But it's too genial for factional difference. People act according to their interest, leaving the ship or staying on, the good men and the audience getting more mellow; and in the end, perhaps, after all, the masses *will* see and arise? . . .

Outside of Philip Bourneuf, John Lynds and Harry Irvine, there seems to be little but mugging—good lord, is federal-theatre scenery so cheap we can let anybody chew it up by the yard? The boy and girl radicals are even more naïve than their lines, and Estelle Winwood is so far overdrawn as to remind you of the why-vaudeville-died scene in "Who's Who." The rest may be this or that, but one thing they are not: sufficiently used to the stage so they can walk it as though they lived there, let alone believed there was any point in it. It is too bad that the play received such poor staging—not only the acting but the stiff observance of Shaw's creaky mechanics. For there is in it something that Shaw has, always has had. He can somehow sell you out with the most obvious theatre shoddy, yet make enough of you like it so that he can get even more arrogant. Having crowned himself king he defies you to find he can do any wrong. And always with a twinkle in his frosty old eye. But as time goes on, it's bound to become clear that he's got a considerable sty in that frosty old twinkle. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The strength of the peace movement today is indicated by the number of "undeclared wars," declared the Rev. Frank Curtis Williams in a sermon yesterday morning at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Henry and Clark Streets, Brooklyn. He said that "awakened public opinion is making it increasingly difficult to wage war as a national policy." – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

Only last week a gentleman here said that there was nothing worse than the intolerance of the tolerant. He also said he believed in the representation of minorities. That's the American spirit of fair play, and I believe in it too. But I want to know the type of minority to be represented before giving them representation. – *William F. Bleakley, Justice of the New York Supreme Court, quoted in The New York Times.*

There is only one touch of realism which we have avoided—*i.e.*, that of naming any particular nation as the enemy. As our contribution to international harmony we have worked on the assumption that the war was being fought against the Yellow Race. – *From an article, "Advertising the Next War," by Ted Patrick, in Scribners'.*

Some Nerve!

The day may come, when the white people of Florida will deeply regret the removal of the poll tax as a condition precedent to voting. The Negroes are organizing, registering and getting ready to vote in great numbers. – *Erwin Smith, writing in The Jacksonville, Fla., Herald.*

Artful, Maybe

If Peter has breathed finance and politics throughout his life, his bride has lived in an equally artistic atmosphere. – *From a news item in The New York Daily News, discussing the wedding of Peter Lehman, son of the Governor of New York.*

Is There a Baptist in the "Flop-House"?

A man forced to sleep in a city "flop-house" secured relief from an almost intolerable situation by complete absorption in a borrowed copy of Willa Cather's "Death Comes to the Archbishop." – *From the department called "Dividends" in the Bulletin of the American Library Association.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Moscow Trials Again

SIR: In your issue of May 4 an anonymous correspondent offered what you described as "an interesting theory" about the Moscow trials, based upon a remark by the defendant Rakovsky that "when adventurers are successful, they are called great statesmen." Your correspondent heard Rakovsky say this and supposed it to be a "thrust at Stalin." Later he could not find the remark in the official court record. So he tells you that it was "cut out of the stenogram and out of the Soviet press." The censors had suppressed these revealing words. Thereupon your correspondent wove what you call a theory "to explain . . . the inexplicable."

This is a fine build-up for a theory which, as you say, supports your own position about affairs in the Soviet Union. The trouble with all this theorizing is that it is basically false. We mean that it rests upon a misstatement of fact.

Your Moscow letter-writer was an inattentive listener and a careless reader. If he attended the trial and listened carefully he would have heard these words of Rakovsky not, as he reports, in a "short remark" but as part of a long declaration by the defendant and later as the subject of a colloquy between the defendant and the prosecutor. If he had read the official stenogram, he would have found the words, intact as they were spoken (Verbatim Report of Court Proceedings, English Edition, page 296) and referred to again a few pages later (p. 312).

The report of the trial, available in New York in an inexpensive English edition, was reviewed in The New Republic on May 18. It was published by the People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR in Moscow. It is what it declares itself, a "verbatim report" of the court proceedings. Your correspondent was in error when he informed you that a part of the testimony was "later cut out of the stenogram" because it was "a thrust at Stalin," or for any other reason. It is unfortunate that you circulated, without investigation, this wholly unwarranted aspersion on the court record.

It should not be necessary to point out the speciousness of this cynical remark of Rakovsky, which your correspondent thought so important. The prisoner himself admitted its falseness and criminal folly as he spoke the words. He explained the development of his role as a spy and an agent of fascism. He said:

> Formerly Trotskyism posed as a definite ideological current. . . . In 1934 I already saw that all that was of no consequence whatever, including the notorious scholastic theory of the impossibility of building socialism in a single country. Now we became a school of espionage, wrecking, international fascism, and not only in the USSR, but also in Spain, China, throughout the world. Clearly, there was some connection here with our past. . . . The whole policy was a policy of adventurism, but *we told ourselves* . . . that what we were doing was a policy of putting everything at stake, of everything for everything, but if a risky venture succeeds, the adventurers are called great statesmen.

"*We told ourselves.*"—Your correspondent "cut out" these essential words in which Rakovsky admits his self-deception. It was not the Soviet censor who mutilated Rakovsky's testimony, but your own correspondent.

Later Rakovsky went over this ground again. He told how the Trotskyists abandoned all theorizing, ceasing even the pretense of self-deception, and engaged frankly in a criminal struggle for the seizure of power with the assistance of the fascists. Rakovsky again admitted the entire indictment; espionage for foreign enemies, conspiracy with fascists to destroy the revolution, wrecking and terrorism to weaken the defenses of the country. This, he said, was what he meant by "adventurism." This makes nonsense out of your correspondent's theory, based upon a remark of Rakovsky's which he misunderstood and misrepresented.

The incident has some value because it throws a light upon the tiresome business of "explaining" the trials. Most of the explaining, most of the fine-spun theories, all of the psychologizing about "Russian confessions" and "Dostoevsky characters" are silly nonsense invented by persons who refuse to read the record.

The trials do not need to be "explained." They *were* an explanation, a very clear and terrible explanation of certain facts important to all of us regarding crimes which were fully confessed. The trials made clear to all the world, in the terms of the indictment and by the words of the guilty persons, the nature and origin and results of these crimes. This explanation was carefully developed by a skillful public prosecutor under the guidance of wise and experienced judges, in the presence of representatives of the world press.

To ignore this function of the trials, to seek for mythical "explanations of the inexplicable" is deliberate confusion when it is not mere silliness. Formerly these explanations were based on drugs or mesmerism. It is no better to resort to shabby theories which pretend that confessed betrayers of the revolution, depraved agents of fascism, are merely unsuccessful "statesmen." This is not liberalism. This is support for the worst reaction.

New York City THE EDITORS OF SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY

We are not now in a position to know whether our correspondent was correct in saying that Rakovsky's statement was cut out of the Russian stenogram and the Soviet Press; he obviously was not referring to the English edition. If he made a mistake, we regret it. In any event, the remark in question is capable of being interpreted as our correspondent understood it. This theory still seems to us the best explanation of why revolutionaries became traitors. Apparently the editors of Soviet Russia Today prefer the doctrine of original sin. – THE EDITORS

Iowa Speaks Up

SIR: T. R. B.'s Washington letters are usually gospel with me, but I must question the one about the famous Iowa primary race [The New Republic, June 22]. I realize, of course, that what Iowa thinks about the race is not half so important to the country as what Washington will finally decide to think after it has decided which school of Washington thought on Iowa is right. Nevertheless, it does seem to me that the actual Iowa instance must come into the Washington theory somewhere, and I would even guess that if it did, T. R. B. wouldn't have to take two columns of explanation to save him from a very simple conclusion: that even people on the side of the angels—his inner strategists of the New Deal—may make a mistake. . . .

Iowa felt no such issue separating the two candidates as Washington had prepared for it to feel, whether it was loyalty to the President, loyalty to New Deal objectives, or what. This

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of course rules out, by inference, adherence to the President's Court plan as an issue in and by itself enough to bless or damn a candidate; and it is up to the Washington strategists to decide whether the Iowa "mumble," to use T. R. B.'s word, is God's mumble on that. A two-to-one mumble, though, seems loud enough to cause one to glance at the skies.

But T. R. B. or any bright Washington observer would have needed but ten minutes in any Iowa town any day before the election to have decided how Iowans would vote and why, and no theory of a great sinister conspiracy from the right would need to have entered in. Most Iowa New Deal voters, rightly or wrongly, had simply come to think Mr. Gillette a sincere individual, who, while no great liberal certainly, had voted for the better part of the New Deal, and when he had voted against the President seemed to have done so from a conviction of acting in the public interest, and that therefore he deserved reëlection. The writer, who has consistently looked at the New Deal from a point well to the left, doesn't hesitate to say that he shared the above view generally, though from a determining fact that may or may not have weighed largely: that Senator Gillette had voted against the President's big-navy bill while voting for the President's reorganization bill—which is the kind of discrimination in a legislator that the writer thinks particularly valuable in these times with our particular President.

As I say, all this may prove Iowa voters either reactionary or stupid, but I don't think it necessarily does. I think tory commentators, as usual, were ill advised to draw much comfort from the Iowa vote. Tory observers, however, *have* to be ill advised in these days if they are to be happy; what seems strange is that liberal observers and strategists, with no reason to be either ill advised or unhappy, should seem in this case determined to be both. . . .

Cedar Falls, Ia. FERNER NUHN

Riposte from Mr. Levine

SIR: The joke about the "secret conversations" which Mr. Broun reports in The New Republic [June 22] to have had with me "in 1912, or thereabouts," is not that they never took place, as is evident from the fact that at that time I was a student at the English High School in Boston. But, then, what are facts to a Stalin liberal of the vintage of 1938?

The joke is that Mr. Broun was known to have no interest in political or social questions at the time when his amorphous shape first appeared on my horizon, which was in 1917. His preoccupations in that eventful year were confined to prize-fighting, Broadway, poker and the then eminent John Barleycorn.

I joined The New York Tribune in the year which witnessed the Russian Revolution and our entry into the World War. It was also the year in which I was invited by the late Herbert Croly to become a contributor to The New Republic. Now it was an open secret along the Tribune editorial row that Mr. Broun's intellect was all wrapped up in the Great White Way and Madison Square Garden. That was before the speakeasy era. Possibly he became a "heavy" in his conversations inside the Racquet Club, but then, not being a member of that radical institution, I would not know.

Since Mr. Broun elected to bore the readers of The New Republic with an entire page of fabricated personal gossip, you may allow me to observe that neither in 1912 nor in 1917 was there even such a concept as "boring from within." A few additional facts should be added:

My "long stretch" on the Tribune lasted exactly eleven months. I left the paper because of differences over editorial policy arising from the treatment of the Russian Revolution and Allied war aims. It is a matter of record that Mr. Broun continued to accept the Tribune's good dollars until he found the Pulitzer fortune more liberal. His own liberalism then began to flourish. There are members in Mr. Broun's Newspaper Guild who could tell plenty of his love for bourgeois contracts and capitalist dollars.

Moreover, as Bruce Bliven, the present editor of The New Republic knows only too well because of his former association with The New York Globe, my next regular newspaper assignment was as foreign correspondent for The Chicago Daily News and The Globe. I did not join the Hearst papers until 1922 and accompanied the Hearst Congressional Commission to Russia, which recommended the resumption of American relations with the Soviet government. At the time when this fearless journalistic feat was performed by the Hearst press, Heywood Broun was up to his waist in the wine tubs of the Stork Club and Twenty-One.

I left the Hearst service in 1924 and did not return to it for eleven years when the Hearst papers just as fearlessly undertook to expose conditions in Stalin's purgatory. The meteoric career of Mr. Broun during these years reached its height, in my opinion, when he sponsored a book-club selection of "Cradle of the Deep," without ever having read it. Page Mr. Lincoln Colcord!

To be sure, it is nothing against Mr. Broun that in 1917 Tex Rickard and Tex Guinan absorbed him to the exclusion of war and revolution. Some people are just a bit slow in growing up. It took the playboy a quarter of a century to become a Stalin liberal. Perhaps in another quarter of a century he will reach the level of such revolutionists as Radek and Bukharin, only to discover that he too had built his own guillotine.

Mr. Broun is a revolutionist of the same stripe as Radek and Goebbels. There is no longer any mystery about the species. The mystery is why The New Republic should open its columns to character-assassination and slander made out of the whole cloth when even the tabloid gossip columnists weave their yarns from the remnants of fact?

New York City ISAAC DON LEVINE

The Martyrdom of Puerto Rico

SIR: When I read the protests which writers in your magazine and other North American periodicals make against the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, Japanese aggression in China and Fascist intervention in Spain, I wonder that these authors can be so active in protesting unjust aggression by foreign powers yet so blind to similar actions by their own government.

But perhaps they do not know about the entire liberty-loving nation which you of North America have enslaved in the name of liberty. Perhaps they have never heard of two hundred thousand school children, their tongues attuned to the beautiful Spanish language, being forced to tortured, incomplete expression in a maimed and pidgin English. Nor perhaps of those same children being forced to sing "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," while outside those children's parents were being sent to jail—yes, and shot down in the street as well—for seeking that same liberty for their own country, Puerto Rico.

My island has a great history; a history written by strong and worthy men. But does the Puerto Rican child learn this, the greatness of his fathers, in the American-controlled schools? Not on your life! He studies, and recites mechanically, George Washington, Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Patrick Henry! Good God! When a Puerto Rican, Pedro Albizu Campos, said "Give us liberty," the courts of this "land of the free and home of the brave" sent him to the penitentiary in Atlanta, and there he remains to this day. And, of all things,

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on a charge of treason—treason to a foreign government which had marched into his fatherland and taken it by force.

He was sent to prison by a jury of ten Americans and two Americanized Puerto Ricans. In a land of two million Puerto Ricans and five thousand Americans, this Puerto Rican patriot "happened" to draw a jury with ten Americans. And then the American governor of this island had the gall to tell reporters in New York that Albizu was tried by a jury of his peers!

I was not in Ponce, Puerto Rico, on Palm Sunday, 1937. Had I been there, I should probably be dead today. I should probably be dead, for had I been there I most certainly should have been among those patriots who were brutally machine-gunned and clubbed in the street for the grievous offense of raising the national flag and singing the national anthem—our own national flag, you understand, and our own national anthem—not yours.

Your government, your political philosophy, are based upon the Declaration of Independence, which says that a government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government. Yet in Puerto Rico you have allowed a little clique of colonial governors to flout those principles and discredit your nation in the eyes of 1,800,000 people whose only wish is to be permitted to assume a position of equality among the other independent nations of the world.

Washington, D. C. CONCEPCION NUNEZ

Keeping Cool without Coolidge

SIR: Plans to combat war are many and opposing. Whatever their merits might be otherwise, however, all are useless if hatreds, fears and hysteria once gain too much ground. I think The New Republic should have tremendous credit for the maintenance of sanity and cool thought, in the midst of a small tidal wave of this kind of feeling, and in a place where its editors no doubt get the full brunt.

Cedar Falls, Ia. RUTH SUCKOW

For Funds to Fight Hagueism

SIR: It isn't important that it was a Socialist meeting that was broken up in Newark nor that I was the speaker. Any anti-Hague meeting or gesture would have met with the same fate. William Carney of the CIO, Jeff Burkitt, John Longo, Congressman Jerry O'Connell can testify to that. Frank Hague and his political machine are the most serious overt threat to democracy in the United States today. That this influence can extend to Newark is a warning to every citizen that this is not a "local police problem," as it was described by President Roosevelt. It is a menace to the peace and freedom of every American.

Many people realize this. A number of them have offered me financial aid to press the fight against Hague and what he stands for. This letter is to let them and others know that I have asked the Workers' Defense League to act in my behalf. Before I became directly involved, its staff and membership were in the foreground of the campaign on behalf of other victims of the Hague terror and on behalf of democracy itself. . . . They are doing yeoman's service in the tremendous and difficult task of organizing and giving voice to a large but disorganized and inarticulate Hague opposition in Jersey City itself.

The Workers' Defense League has few resources. Funds are desperately needed at this point if this campaign is to be carried through to a victorious finish. Let me urge that every person who believes in freedom and democracy and who wants to stop fascism in America before it spreads beyond Jersey City and Newark, send in his contribution to the Workers' Defense League, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York City NORMAN THOMAS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Ingram Bander of New York City sends an entry in the contest for a logical explanation of the United States' contradictory foreign policy. Its confusion arises, says Mr. Bander, from the "struggle which goes on every minute of the day in the Roosevelt administration between two forces which are less and less amorphous and more and more crystallized—the Left and the Right . . . with its resultant contradiction between New Deal *desire*, as expressed in speeches, and administration *ability to perform*, as manifested in overt acts." . . . Victor S. Yarros of Chicago writes an enthusiastic letter of congratulation on the reviews by John Chamberlain, particularly "Roosevelt or Reaction" (June 15). "I am satisfied that thousands of genuine liberals and progressives have enjoyed Mr. Chamberlain's articles as much as I have. And we want more of the same rational and balanced stuff."

Don Cook of Cambridge, Massachusetts, accuses The New Republic of inconsistency in its viewpoint toward foreign relations. He complains that we "rebuke" the British government for failing to "institute reprisals" for the bombing of its ships in Spanish waters and at the same time deride Mr. Hull's attempt to prevent American manufacturers from selling planes to Japan. We suggest that Mr. Cook reread our editorials, especially "Yelping at the British Flag" (June 22), with a more careful eye. . . . Gretel Spiro, education director of the Furriers' Joint Council of New York, 250 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York City, requests donations of books for the circulating library the Council is building for its membership.

We have been sent the first copy of Art Work, the attractive bi-monthly publication of the United American Artists, the CIO union which merges the Commercial Artists' and Designers' Union, the Artists' Union and the Cartoonists' Guild. The magazine contains articles by S. Kaye, Elliot Paul, James Dugan and Ralph Mayer. We have also received the first edition in a new format of Better Times, a review of social-work activities in New York City, published by the Welfare Council and edited by Hiram Motherwell. The magazine tells graphically and authoritatively about the welfare work going on in New York.

Rita S. Hillborn of the Southern Summer School for Workers sends an appeal from the Asheville Teachers' College, Asheville, North Carolina, for books to be placed in their traveling library and for reference use in the summer session.

What's on the Air?

President Roosevelt speaks at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, Sunday, July 3, 6:30 P.M., CBS, NBC-Blue and Mutual.

Senator Claude Pepper of Florida talks on "The Accomplishments of the Roosevelt Administration" and John Hamilton discusses "The Aims of the Republican Party," Monday, July 4, 11 A.M., CBS.

The first program in a series, "Stepping Ahead with America," which will describe the social progress in every section of the country, Thursday, July 7, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include "Faust," presented by the Cincinnati Summer Opera Association, Saturday, July 2, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Lewisohn Stadium concert with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, July 3, 8:30 P.M., CBS; Symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, Monday, July 4, 8:30 P.M.; "Men Against Death," a sketch based on the book by Paul de Kruif, Thursday, July 7, 8 P.M., CBS; "Both Your Houses," by Maxwell Anderson, Thursday, July 7, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and a Robin Hood Dell concert by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, July 9, 10 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

International Bucket Shop

CHRISTINA STEAD's "House of All Nations"[1] is a virtuoso performance, a prodigious *tour de force*, an epic exercise of sheer writing will. Its design is spacious, its characterization is apt, and it is positively littered with epigrams. Yet it is one of the dullest novels which it has ever been my misfortune to read. The reason is obvious: it deals with a group of men and women who devote their lives to that dullest of all abstractions—the abstraction of the money game. Miss Stead is not writing about economic forces, she is writing about the vultures and the crows who sit about trying to outguess these forces. Her locale is a private bank, the disguised Paris bucket shop of the glittering Jules Bertillon, whose motto in the early 1930's is a Gallic version of Ben Smith's famous "Sell 'em all, they aren't worth anything." Into the Bertillon bank stream the raffish *richissimes* of this world—wealthy Argentinians, ex-mistresses who have long since funded their charms, playboys out to impress Father by turning a *coup*, counts, princesses and adventurers, all of them hoping to double their money by handing it over to a rascal of genius. Bertillon's employees give them advice and take their coin, but Bertillon seldom fills an order. His game is to mark his customer down for a hundred shares of Amalgamated Stove Polish at 110, and then wait until Amalgamated has dropped to 88 before buying. In the early 1930's, when everything is falling, this is a sure path to riches. As Alphendéry, Jules's Marxist adviser, says: "This is the period of effrontery of capitalism and you think right, Jules, you've got the general line." "Yes," says Jules, "I know it won't last long, and I won't last long; my three sons will be engineers, don't fret! This is the day of the short-play heroes. No more Rhodeses and houses of Rothschild!"

Jules is right about the "short-play." His game is as good as his hunches, and when Kreuger crashes he cleans up by covering all his short-line commitments at bargain prices. But Jules has the misfortune to have a "sound" customers' man in his employ, one Aristide Raccamond. No saint, Aristide does not balk at defrauding the French government of half his income tax. But that can be done legally, through a dummy corporation set up in London. The devious game of playing "*contre partie*" with your customers' money is, on the other hand, decidedly illegal, and the bookkeeper in Aristide can't stand the spectacle. When he begins throwing it up to Jules in the presence of others, word spreads around Paris that the Bertillon bank is nothing but a façade for crooked operations. The whispers are, of course, correct. But the cream of the jest is that Jules has been making money for his clients through speculating with their funds at a time when every "honest" bank in the Western world is driving toward bankruptcy.

Probably the story of Jules Bertillon's rise and fall could have been made interesting. But Miss Stead has chosen the wrong technique. Her book is filled with the gossip and the financial-circle *clichés* of Big Goings-On, but we never actually see the stupendous deals. And Miss Stead's human beings are always considerably less than human. Whether she is exhibiting the Greek merchant Achitophelous and his willful daughter, or whether she is introducing the American short-story writer Abernethy Gairdner, she seldom plumbs their lives for anything more than the financial news. We see people only as they react to money; we do not see them as lovers, as fathers or mothers, or as workers or loafers. Commodities figure in "House of All Nations," but only as abstractions in which gamblers "take a position." Industry figures here, too, but only as a series of blue chips on the counter. Even Alphendéry, the Communist, appears mainly as a servitor of the money-abstraction. As for Bertillon himself, he is not even a good materialist. Wine, food, exercise, love, sleep—these mean nothing to him. He sins through an excess of spirituality, the spirituality that is the curse of a money-culture. "I've got to be thinking about money," he says, "or I feel that life isn't worth living."

The fact that her characters are all less than human is, of course, the point of Miss Stead's novel. But it is a point that could have been made far better had she chosen to show the relationships between her hollow shells and the rest of the world. Robert Cantwell has bemoaned the fact that our novelists seldom treat of our Men of Affairs in fiction. But our Men of Affairs are mainly interesting for what they succeed in doing to the underlying population. The effect of Jules Bertillon's financial maraudings on the people who do the work of the world gets little attention in "House of All Nations." We see the iridescent scum on the pond; we do not see the fish gasping for oxygen in the blackness below.

"House of All Nations" is advertised as "in a way . . . the first detailed fictional study, since the days of Balzac, of money and what it does to human beings." This is, of course, an untruth; Dreiser's Cowperwood stories, "The Titan" and "The Financier," convey the same lesson as "House of All Nations," and they are far more circumstantial in their treatment of financial buccaneering. But it is good to have Balzac's name brought into the discussion. Balzac wrote of what money does to human beings. But Balzac's lens was a wide one, and he ended by portraying the whole of bourgeois society. Miss Stead has merely given us the froth on the surface.

The froth might have been enough in itself had it been treated farcically. But after 787 pages of it one feels choked with cheapness. And the pity of it is that many shrewd observations on human weakness are buried in pages of boring chatter about the short-position and the long-position. Miss Stead can write brilliant little essays.

[1] House of All Nations, by Christina Stead. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.

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Her paragraphs on financial scandals as indices to what is happening to an entire economy are shrewd; her remarks on the "pet socialists" kept by certain capitalists are devastating. Her arresting little lecture on Fascist nations as parasites whose life depends on the health of the free capitalist nations is worth a book in itself. But all the trenchancy of phrase, the acumen, the wisdom, are muffled by the surrounding dullness. "House of All Nations" is a beautiful cannon cracker. But it never explodes.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Unvanquished

Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian, by Margaret Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 393 pages. $3.

THE ROMANTIC have always adhered to the theory that it was the publication of Fanny Kemble's "Georgia Journal" in 1863 that threw the necessary weight into the wavering balances of British public opinion and turned the scales against the Confederacy. Margaret Armstrong, latest biographer of a fascinating woman, is not prepared to go that far. The book, a narrative of Fanny's experiences on a Georgia rice plantation as the wife of the owner, was, indeed, a sensation in England, opening the eyes of many Englishmen to the darker aspects of slavery; and British opinion was so delicately balanced in 1863 that a slight push on either side might have been decisive. However, public opinion never has been master of the Foreign Office in London; and there is no evidence to show that it was more powerful in the American Civil War than it was in the Ethiopian and Spanish wars of this century.

But even if one dismisses the notion that Fanny Kemble won the war for Mr. Lincoln, there remains ample reason for reading this book about her. Part of this reason is Fanny herself, and part is Margaret Armstrong. Fanny, a member of the great house of Kemble, aristocrats of the British stage, was a niece of the famous Mrs. Siddons and a daughter of Charles Kemble, who thought himself the manager, but was actually the bond-slave, of Covent Garden. She was to be snatched from the stage as a brand from the burning; but when her father got into a financial jam his daughter, then nineteen, came to the rescue by playing Juliet, winning a tremendous sentimental triumph. She had enough ability to back it up, however, and held a high place in the English theatre until she came to America and made an unfortunate marriage. After nine years of misery, she revolted, returned to England and resumed her career; but the savage divorce laws of the time kept her children in America and after the Civil War she returned to this country, where she won new fame as what would now be called a *diseuse*. As an old lady she returned to England and died there.

This career is interesting in itself, for the woman went everywhere and knew everybody in the very flower of the Victorian age. Tennyson, Thackeray and Edward Fitzgerald were intimates. She conversed familiarly with rulers as dissimilar as Victoria and Andrew Jackson; she exchanged repartee with Disraeli and Alpine lore with Agassiz; she stirred both Longfellow and Walt Whitman to write poetry; as a girl, she sang duets at half-voice to avoid drowning the piping tenor of Tom Moore, and when she was an old woman she used to let young Henry James decorate her Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, it is not the theatrical star, not the playwright and chronicler, not the brilliant society woman, that one meets in these pages, but the human being caught in the cogs of destiny. She was impetuous and heedless, frequently more than a bit of a fool, endowed with a raging temper and a tongue that could raise blisters. But she was gay and loyal and brave. She deserved the accolade of the modern generation—she could take it. She was famous, but what this book portrays is a woman who loved fiercely and suffered fiercely, who met glory and humiliation, exultation and despair, joy and sorrow, but who remained through it all integral, unshattered, mistress of herself though the world seemed collapsing around her.

Maybe it isn't Fanny Kemble that is presented here, but it is a great woman; maybe it isn't biography at all but, if it isn't, then it is superb fiction.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

The Mercantile State

The British Empire before the American Revolution: Provincial Characteristics and Sectional Tendencies in the Era Preceding the American Crisis, by Lawrence Henry Gipson. Volume I: Great Britain and Ireland; Volume II: The Southern Plantations; Volume III: The Northern Plantations. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1,031 pages. $15.

PROFESSOR LAWRENCE HENRY GIPSON of Lehigh University has embarked upon one of the most ambitious individual projects in contemporary American historical writing: the preparation, in effect, of a whole shelf of books to be concerned with the history of the British Empire in the quarter-century preceding the American Revolution. The three volumes in hand, we may assume from their context, are in the way of an introduction: for they describe the conditions existing in the empire in a single year, that is, the year 1750. In view of the fact that Professor Gipson is writing an imperial history, his canvas is a very broad one; and he concerns himself, therefore, with the state of affairs not only in Great Britain and Ireland and the American continental colonies but also in the West Indian sugar islands, the African Guinea coast, the Hudson Bay region and Newfoundland. Another preliminary volume is promised: its subject is to be the frontier problems of the empire. These four volumes presumably are to be followed by a second series which will recount the events taking place in England and the mainland colonies that led up to the revolutionary crisis of 1776.

One cannot but admire the boldness of such a plan. The author's purpose—and it indicates a not unwelcome tendency in current American historical activity of which Professor Andrews' history is another example—probably proves that many American historians are growing dissatisfied with their outstanding preoccupation of the last two decades: that is to say, with those coöperative works which, because they have been the labors of many hands, have been poorly defined in intention, unequal in performance and bewildering in their viewpoints. A many-volume work of this kind

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at least has the merit of flowing from a single inspirational source.

In a work laid out as generously as is Professor Gipson's, one may expect to encounter many excellent things. At many points the casual reader and, for that matter, the scholar as well, will not quit these volumes unrewarded: for the descriptions of particular culture areas within the British Empire are very fine indeed. Another outstanding achievement of the work is the rich use of contemporary sources for the purpose of pointing up contemporary attitudes and opinions. Much as one may disagree with the frame of reference employed by the author—as this reviewer does—it would be foolish to dismiss this imposing enterprise as unimportant. For treatments of specific subjects students of American history will continue to be in Professor Gipson's debt for a long time to come.

I have referred to the fact that an individual work of this kind necessarily possesses a real virtue: sooner or later one is bound to know what the author himself thinks of the events he is chronicling. Professor Gipson's whole task is conceived in terms of the following theoretical position. In 1750 the British Empire, as a politico-economic system, stood for one of the most amazing and successful achievements of human history. The various parts, internally and externally, acted under a common and enlightened political direction. There were frictions of course: but the grand result, on balance, was a smoothly functioning polity and economy which produced higher standards of living at home and in the colonies and which made England and her possessions both the envy of other powers and the centers of attraction of streams of European immigrants. Professor Gipson's own summary words are clear enough:

> . . . it may be affirmed that from the point of view of the development and dissemination of liberal political conceptions and institutions and the successful establishment of varied forms of individual enterprise in an attempt to realize not only favorable conditions of life for a widespread population but an ideal of imperial self-sufficiency the Old British Empire in 1750 was undoubtedly the most imposing politico-economic structure that the world has ever known.

How, in general, was the integrity of this grand scheme maintained? By a state machine which was ever prepared to fight off the pretensions and attacks of foreign rivals. Indeed, the author goes so far as to find the real justification of the mercantile system in the fact that it was the empire's first line of defense; for mercantilism in time of peril assured "an abundant supply of the precious metals and foreign credit."

Now this is an interesting and significant attitude for a historian to take. It is, one can see, an apology for a past historical system in terms of its own claims to power. What it means, in so many words, is Professor Gipson's own identification with mercantilism; or, put in individual terms, his identification with mercantilism's outstanding beneficiaries. One might even declare that this is a defense of mercantilism as it might have been made by a mid-eighteenth-century merchant capitalist of, say, London or Bristol who, looking about him, could see that the fruits of empire building, as far as his own class interest was concerned, were altogether sound and good. Necessarily the forces that changed the system were disruptive.

What, then, took place within the quarter-century following 1750 that shook this imperial system, within and without, to its foundations Professor Gipson does not yet say in any detail up to the point he has gone. But his attitude, which is implicit in the position he has taken, is foreshadowed in a sentence to be found on the very first page of his preface. Referring to the colonial revolutionary crisis he says: "This crisis . . . came largely not only by reason of measures pursued by the British ministry in the course of the Seven Years' War and subsequent thereto, but also as a result of an altered outlook on the part of colonials themselves, especially after the Peace of 1763."

A philosophical, and perhaps emotional (Professor Gipson got part of his university training at Oxford), identification of the sort that the author has created has robbed him of all those advantages which the historian has over the contemporary annalist. The annalist or participant displays prescience only if he is truly great; but even the most pedestrian historian has hindsight to aid him. We know now, even if no Englishmen or colonials were aware of it, that this grand politico-economic scheme, both internally and externally, was already at the point of undergoing profound transformations at the very time contemporaries believed it was enjoying an enduring stability. Mercantilism at the middle of the eighteenth century was in process of becoming something else; and this was so exactly because the forces it itself had created were on the verge of achieving maturity. When full-grown, these were to smash through the restrictive walls of the mercantile system and shatter it into a thousand fragments.

What were these forces that were already at work within the mercantile system to bring about its end? First, production under mercantilism was organized by merchant capitalism. But merchant capitalism by 1750 was revealing its inabilities, in terms of the needs of expanding markets, to produce goods through the putting-out method or manufacturing (in the exact sense of the term). The demand for greater productivity was inevitably pointing to a more intensified division of labor and the invention of automatic machinery: and with this objective achieved the merchant capitalist was bound to be supplanted by the industrial capitalist. Second, the mercantile state rigorously controlled private enterprise. But the growth of accumulation necessitated the leveling of barriers checking the free development of capitalist activity into whatever pursuits and whatever regions of the earth it saw fit to penetrate. To free the individual the authoritarian state would have to be replaced by the passive state. Third, mercantilism subordinated the colonial economies to the needs and interests of English merchant capitalism. But American merchant capitalism was also growing out of its swaddling clothes: until the leading string turned into a fetter. To release American capitalism the mercantile state, in its imperial-colonial relations, had to be challenged.

In short, at the very moment that Professor Gipson sees the old empire—the British mercantile state—at the apogee of its power it is in fact already being threatened. Of course there continued to exist all the old habiliments of a great state system. Underneath the trappings, there were stirring the new lives of industrial capitalism, the laissez-faire state and the American revolutionary spirit. For the triumph of none of these does his history prepare the reader.

LOUIS M. HACKER

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Caldwell's Stories

Southways, by Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50

IF YOU HAVE ANY INTEREST in the way the quick turn of a short story can give you glimpses of people living their lives, you couldn't do much better today than Erskine Caldwell's new collection.

Caldwell is getting closer than ever to bringing two ways of seeing and feeling into a single way of writing. In most of the early stuff you could (many did) trace a social meaning if it pleased you, but it hadn't been consciously put there: it was a mere necessary adjunct to a writer's delight in his material and his craft. But ideas were afoot and Caldwell knew a writer just couldn't sit around and be delighted. So he began to impose social point from outside, and one of the classic examples of the dividing line between what is inside and what is spread on is still "God's Little Acre," where the unspoiled real-fantasy of the first half (almost as if the writer had read a copy of The Daily Worker overnight) turns into the last half, where the symbols of fun-in-bed and strike-in-the plant are brought together, to their mutual confusion and embarrassment. The writing is of course swell all the way through: you can't unlearn to be a writer just by reading the exhortations of those who aren't.

"Southways" has two types of story: the picture of men being stunted or wrecked by powers as immanent, inscrutable and everlasting as the old gods; the picture of men caught in their own foibles or catching them by the tail, bawdy and unashamed on the lower levels of sophistication, drinking, handseling, swapping hound dogs or beating the old woman a little, all with more natural shrewdness and pure gusto than it takes to get into the Senate or the magazines. Still, I cannot remember one of the sixteen pieces in which the idea is not conceived and worked out in the vein appropriate to it. The wretched ways of social injustice crop up in more places than that of the primary boss-worker conception. Three stories are concerned with the tragedy of white over Negro, one of them comical on the surface. Three have to do with some warping personal devil. But while there are in addition only two direct class indictments ("Wild Flowers" and "A Knife to Cut the Cornbread With"), there is felt throughout, just as you might sense it in the ordinary world, the many strong teeth just under and behind the easy grin.

For a touch of humor in humanity, a touch of sweetness, I'd pick "Uncle Henry's Love Nest"; for deepness of human trouble, "Return to Lavinia" and the two purely social ones mentioned. "The Night My Old Man Came Home" is nearest to the Caldwell of "The Grass Fire" and the way they preserved God's little acre—but the old crazy zest seems to have sobered a little. The wild marchgrass of the imagination is thinning, and at the same time a more utilitarian crop, with deeper roots, is being matured.

Without prediction or devices of exhortation (the Lord knows a man of Caldwell's prose could tell any critic writing today to go read his own work for a change), I should say this book was an interim report. Caldwell has been most successful as he has brought his life-as-observed material into the fantasy of story-telling and legend, by such tricks of private vision and such an ear for the lift of speech, by such imperceptible planning and joining, that he couldn't help being book-reviewed as a "realist" from the first. But from this book you can see that he is handicapped in handling straight tragedy by the very simplification, and heightening to the unreal, which served him so well in the earlier vein. He seems to plot and stage and stack the cards a little. But if at the same time he can bring what he has in him out in something of novel length and flight, he will *have* something there. OTIS FERGUSON

The Vast and the Particular

John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 480 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

WITH PARDONABLE ACQUISITIVENESS Americans have come to think of John Muir not as foreign-born but of our own country, so lovingly did he walk our forests and mountains and so completely did he commit himself to their study and protection. Highly suspicious of the American form of civilization, he kept as far as possible from our cities and lived in "the Godful solitude." Returning to the mountains after an unwilling absence, he wrote scornfully more than sixty years ago, "There is not a perfectly sane man in San Francisco." At the tops of immense cliffs four thousand feet above the valley floor he clung to the crest of the Sierra and restaged the ancient drama of the glaciers that carved out the different yosemites, the Tuolomne and the enormous and romantic systems of Western canyon and river. Against fire, destruction by sheep and the depredations of selfish private interests of lumber companies he wrote and fought. Today our national parks and forest protection bear witness to John Muir's long struggle to keep the wilderness for the enjoyment of the people.

His feeling for nature was both exuberant and deeply religious. In everything that he saw and experienced he affirmed virtue, love and God. Nature was his sacred business, an intense and joyful activity. He indulged occasionally in what now seems a naïve sublimation of his relationship with all flora and fauna—the reader recalls with distrust Muir's benevolence toward mosquitoes—but it is rarely that the sentimental or even the mystical got the better of his vivid curiosity. Consistently writing some of the most ecstatic prose that has ever celebrated our native scene, he still remembered that "Nature is not a mirror for the moods of the mind." Although there is some monotony in the subject matter of these journals it would be impossible to point out a single dull page. No matter how many times he saw the sun rise and set, or heard "the blessed ouzel sing," or contemplated the mighty labors of the American glaciers, Muir wrote of them with a fastidious passion that never lost its fine quality of real feeling and good prose. He contributed to our literature a style remarkable for its tireless abundance and spirit. "The world, though made, is still being made and becoming more beautiful each day." It was this tone of reverent discovery combined with practical research that made Muir's work fresh and valuable not only to himself but permanently so to others.

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One could wish that the Journals gave in his own words a more explicit account of his leadership in establishing the national parks and reserves and of his faithful effort to meet and conquer this vital national and social problem. It is, however, perhaps more characteristic of the man that he recorded that he sang the songs of Robert Burns to squirrels and birds in the Sierra and that his audience was charmed. Like "Our National Parks" and "The Mountains of California," the more personal Journals give to the American reader an enriched conception of the Western country and its poetry. As in all of his writing, Muir put here not only the vast but the particular. The sky and the great mountain storms are in his pages, and he also lay flat on the ground to observe the germination of seeds. Fragmentary in places, even the merest notes show the mark of spontaneity and discipline so peculiar to him both in mind and physique. Of Mt. Rainier he wrote to his wife, "I did not mean to climb it, but got excited and soon was on top."

Mrs. Wolfe has carefully collected the best material from Muir's unpublished diaries and has provided an Introduction of interest concerning his life and activities. The volume is a very desirable addition to Muiriana in his centennial year. HILDEGARDE FLANNER

Painters in the Fields

Contemporary Mexican Artists, by Augustin Velasquez Chavez. New York: Covici, Friede. 304 pages, illustrated. $2.75.

TEXTUALLY, Mr. Chavez's "Contemporary Mexican Artists" is little more than a series of perfunctory biographical notes. However, the author, in his brief outline of the background of the present movement, draws an interesting distinction between what he terms "the painting of the city" and "the painting of the fields." For him, the former was the art of the military and political power of New Spain which looked back narrowly to the mother country for its inspiration—the "School of Colonial Mexican Painting"; the latter, the product of the Indian and the colonial Spaniard of the sixteenth century. This split of cultural interests had its origin in the earliest days of the Conquest. And as a result of its persistence, even after the revolution of 1860, we see Bernard Couto disappointed in his desire "to give art a destination in the future" through the encouragement of mural painting by the reorganized Academy of Fine Arts. Painting was unable to revitalize its forms without a renewal of contact with the life of the people and a free absorption of the social-economic atmosphere of the times.

This was the great step taken by the revolution—the official recognition of the "painting of the fields." And, with it, the encouragement of the younger artists toward an assimilation of the Central European tradition. The revolution saw the necessity of a political unification of the country and the desirability of a cultural fusion of the disparate elements. After the revolution of 1910 we find for the first time in Mexico an official encouragement of the peasant artisan and an acknowledgment of the native heritage. In 1921 an Exhibit of Popular Arts was opened under government patronage. A monograph on the subject by the painter Atl was published and the popular engraver Posada was hailed as a precursor of the social approach. The art which grew out of this awakened interest no longer offered the romanticized copies of ancient Aztec art or provincial Spanish transcripts of the Mexican scene common in the earlier "painting of the city." In fact we have finally, in the best work of Orozco, Siqueiros and other leaders, a genuine assimilation of heritage and tradition into a new form that neither sentimentalizes the national element nor refuses to learn from abroad.

In his foreword Mr. Chavez states that "Contemporary Mexican Artists" is intended neither as a history nor as a critique of Mexican painting—merely as an introduction to the most representative exponents of contemporary Mexican art. A hundred selections from the work of twenty-five artists are included. Unfortunately for an introduction of this character, the book is considerably handicapped by the inferior quality of its reproductions.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

New Books: A Reader's List

OUR SHIPS: An Analysis of the United States Merchant Marine (Oxford, $2.75). The editors of Fortune thoroughly survey our Merchant Marine, which interests them chiefly not because of its $200,000,000 gross annual revenues, but because it is the sole American industry leaning on the crutch of direct government subsidization. The authors plow through the tangled intricacies of shipping economics, inject praise for Joseph Kennedy, dissect the Maritime Commission and briefly examine the headaches of union troubles and lack of cargoes.

THE OCEAN HIGHWAY, compiled and written by the Federal Writers' Project (Modern Age Books, 95 cents). Connecting "some of the oldest settlements in North America," the Atlantic shore route treated here is alive with historicality—speechways, customs and cooking. Thirty-two photos.

ENCHANTED VAGABONDS, by Dana Lamb in collaboration with June Cleveland (Harpers, $3.50). A hair-raising adventure tale, in which escapes from death are automatic, hazards like whirlpools and infected coyotes are a matter of routine, and time out is rarely called for reflections on the journey.

O BIG EARTH! by Leon Tebbetts (Falmouth Book House, $2). An obvious and inept satire about a dictator who elbows his way through brutality and persecution to final disaster. It is against the fascist menace and won't hurt it in the least.

WHAT HATH A MAN? by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Harpers, $2.50). The life and spiritual struggles of a Rhodesian native commissioner, told sincerely but with a thin effect and set against a poorly treated background.

JEFFERIES' ENGLAND, edited by S. J. Looker (Harpers, $3). Selected essays by England's greatest nineteenth-century nature-writer. Prose is well accompanied by first-rate photographs.

THE DARK RIVER, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown, $2.50). Another Tahitian setting, another storm, another tragic romance, but complicated this time by supposed difference in blood.

SEVEN AGAINST REEVES, by Richard Aldington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Wearying story of a retired English

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business man with a social-climber wife, interlarded with prissy cracks at any contemporary issue that comes along. Supposedly the usual awful indictment of society.

BRIGHTON ROCK, by Graham Greene (Viking, $2.50). The author may be own cousin to Robert Louis Stevenson, but his literary father is Dashiell Hammett and nobody else. "An entertainment," Mr. Greene calls the book, fairly enough—where John O'Hara would have called it a novel.

DEATH IS SO FAIR, by Louis Lynch D'Alton (Doubleday, Doran, $2). The effects of the Irish Rebellion on two men: one, a sardonic medical student, the other, a priest turned revolutionist. The action mounts in lurid climaxes, its melodrama sharpened by contrast with the exalted fanaticism behind blood and violence.

THREE DAUGHTERS, by Ruth Eleanor McKee (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Three daughters of an American munitions maker plunge into World War service, and find its horrors less sanctified by glory than they had expected. A clinical but impassioned view of the back alleys of warfare: its hospitals, switchboards, canteens and Red Cross units.

LUCKYPENNY, by Bruce Marshall (Dutton, $2.50). The unsavory adventures of an underpaid accountant in a great armament firm who made his way to wealth and a directorship. Occasional flashes of the wit which made Mr. Marshall's "Father Malachy's Miracle" outstanding. But glib.

Contributors

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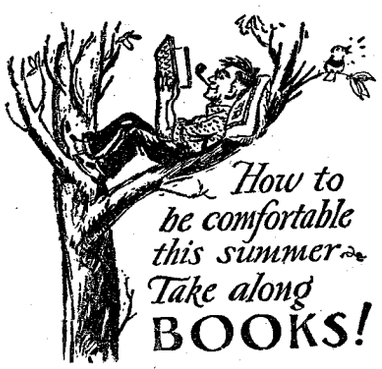

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